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"THE FISHING TOURIST."

THE Dominion of Canada is pre-eminently the angler's paradise. In no other country on the surface of the earth is there a chain, so extensive and closely connected of lake and river and streamlet, as that which stretches from the estuary of the St. Lawrence westward to the Rocky Mountains, and from the frontier northward to the Arctic Circle. From the Mackenzie River, which flows into the Polar ocean, to the Gulf, we have a series of lakes which, with the rivers uniting them, spans the continent like diamonds about the neck of beauty, strung on a silver cord. From the main chain again, north of Superior, then from Huron to the St. Lawrence, north and south of that noble river, and in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia also hang, like pendants, subordinate groups of lakelets and streams in endless variety and profusion. Here, then, is the sportsman's most promising field, whether his weapon be the rifle or the rod.

In an entertaining volume briefly noted in

our August number, Mr. Hallock,* with the cosmopolitan frankness of an enthusiast in his art, readily admits the fact. In order to propitiate his countrymen, however, by some display of piscatory patriotism, he deems it necessary to begin with Long Island—as a Cockney might give a preliminary flourish on angling in the Serpentine before describing the salmon fishing of the Tay or Tweed. It is only when he crosses the border that our author is entirely at his ease. In Nova Scotia, for the first time, he does full justice to himself and to his subject. The flow of his animal spirits, rapid and gushing as some of his favourite streams, never ceases. Whether camping under canvas or hemlock branches, or taking his ease, as he well knows how to do, at his inn, his descriptions are always lively and vigorous, whilst he is doing serious work—in a sporting way—in the Dominion. There

* The Fishing Tourist: Angler's Guide and Reference Book. By Charles Hallock. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1873.

may appear to be several exceptions to the general rule; but the American fishing-grounds about which Mr. Hallock is at all enthusiastic enjoy only a reflected splendour; for they are all near the frontier, and, as we shall have occasion to show, properly belong to us. "Maine!" he exclaims: "There is no region in the United States (I speak advisedly) equal to it. As to fishing, who that has ever wet his line in these waters could thereafter be content to angle elsewhere, unless it be in the more distant waters of the Canadian Dominion?"—a little factitious enthusiasm, we take it, worked up by one who longs for the flesh (or rather fish) pots across the line.

For very full instructions touching equipments, &c., the reader must consult the work itself. There are two questions raised in the introduction, however, which ought to be noticed. First, what sort of angler is entitled to the name of sportsman? and, secondly, what species of fish are properly denominated game-fish? Mr. Hallock is a fisherman of twenty-five years' standing; we might, therefore, expect him to take very high ground on the former point—to be a Brahmin amongst the exclusives; but he is not.

"Some gentlemen," he says, "by no means pretentious or opinionated, delight to assert that, since they became recognized anglers, they have never taken a trout or a salmon except with a fly. I doff my hat in reverence to the sentiment; it is the honest utterance of a justifiable pride. It is the spirit of the *sangre azul*, which dignifies the cultivated sportsman above the mere fisherman; the man of honour above the assassin; the Herod among the small fry; the filler of pots and the defier of close seasons. Nevertheless, I cannot admit the implication that the man who habitually uses bait is consequently a creel-stuffer, or deficient in the scientific accomplishments of the craft. Fly-fishing and bait-fishing are co-ordinate branches of the same study, and

each must be thoroughly learned to qualify the aspirant to honours for the sublime degree of master of the art. * * * I utter no plea for the bait-fisher who angles stolidly from boat or stump; there is neither sport nor science nor sense in his method. But to the man who can handle his rod properly and with successful result in an impetuous river or tumbling mountain stream (I care not whether he uses fly or bait), I must in justice concede a claim to high rank in the angling fraternity."

With these remarks we feel disposed to agree. "The line must be drawn somewhere," and our author is quite as liberal as we could expect an old veteran to be. Still the words "properly and with a successful result," and the "claim to a high rank," sound ominously. Sportsmen who have attained "the sublime degree" are most unreasonable in their dealings with freshmen. We must creep before we run, everybody admits; but an angler, it would appear, must graduate at the start. *Piscator nascitur, non fit*. He must not angle till he can do it properly—just as Scholasticus, in the Greek Joe Miller, resolved to keep out of the water till he had learned to swim. How Mr. Hallock despises beginners will be understood from the following extract:

"Every pin-hook fisherman is suddenly seized with a yearning to catch salmon. No other kind of fish will satisfy him. There are no restrictions upon trout-rods; but trout are too small game. What sweetness grows in fruit forbidden! Just imagine a hundred tyros on a single stream, wielding rods as cumbrous as the pine-tree top with which Polyphemus bobbed for whales, and threshing the air with a *swis-s-sh* that imitates a small tornado passing! What chances for a 'glorious rise' when their entomological devices drop into the water with a splash, or their lines fall flat with many an inextricable coil and snarl! What fortunes small boys might make by climbing trees for the flies, gut-lengths and leaders

which the neophytes have tangled in the over-arching limbs while fishing!"

Our author is here expressing his approval of the rod-licenses, (in Quebec and the Lower Provinces) which give exclusive right to fish in particular waters for a period of nine years. To this system there can be no objection, so long as it is not carried too far. The fishing-preserves may be used as the depositaries of artificially hatched ova; the close seasons will be strictly observed; fishways may be erected to facilitate the passage of salmon, and thus the angler of superior skill will have the best sport without being exposed to the annoyances of which Mr. Hallock complains in a rather exaggerated strain. Fishing may, as old Izaak Walton says, teach patience; but we fear it is that species of it which is long-suffering only when practised in solitude—with no one to put it to the test. It is very annoying to see a man run over the hounds or start from covert before the game is within range, or to find that some one has tracked the trout-stream we had hoped to reserve for ourselves. Sport has its fortunes and misfortunes as well as war, and they must be borne with such equanimity as we can command.

Besides, our author forgets a passage, which we read with pleasure, in his prefatory remarks; let us remind him of it in this connection:—"By degrees we shall teach our wives and daughters (other people's daughters, too?) to participate in the favourite pastimes of their husbands and sons (&c. ?); for do they not always take an interest in all that concerns us?" We thoroughly believe with him, that it would go far to wean young people "from the dissipation, late hours and unhealthy conventionalisms of fashionable watering-places." With the exception of dancing, croquet and archery, there are no out-door amusements in which the young of both sexes can engage together. Angling would at once afford active play for the muscles, ample opportunities for the acquirement or exhibition of skill, and open the

mind to the fullest enjoyment of the beauties of nature. Instead of the picnic *à la mode*, begun in the heat of the day—when active exertion is out of the question—and only becoming pleasant when every one is too wearied even for a languid dance on the dew-laden grass, let us follow the angler's plan and have our fill of open-air exercise in the first fresh hours of the morning. Where the fishing stream is not accessible in the neighbourhood, there could be no difficulty in organizing a select party of family friends for the necessary excursion.

Amongst our tourists, however, there would of necessity be some tyroes. In England, young ladies who can deftly cast a fly are not by any means difficult to find; in Canada, on the other hand, angling has not yet been recognized as a branch in the "higher education of women." For politeness' sake, however, let us suppose that the gentleman is as often the neophyte as the lady—people will fish, as well as hunt, in couples. Here, then, would be an opportunity for young people, whom it concerned, to learn something of each other's temper. Patience of both kinds would be tested—that which Mr. Hallock has learned as well as that which he has yet to learn. One party or other must, in addition to his or her want of luck or want of skill, bear patiently with a companion's tornado-like "*swiss-sh*," and all the other troubles of the sportsman who has "attained the sublime degree." A lover might possibly repress himself in the presence of his betrothed; but it would require more patience than most sportsmen seem to possess to exercise self-restraint when "a glorious rise" is missed through the awkwardness of a wife or daughter. We shall not refer to the inconvenience of wading-boots, which must of necessity be used even by ladies who would be of "high rank" in "impetuous river and tumbling mountain streams."

The *Salmonidae* alone, in the author's opinion, deserve the title of game-fish. The

family includes all the varieties of the salmon proper, salmon trout and brook or speckled trout. They are "characterized by an adipose second dorsal fin"—a distinction, however, which they unfortunately enjoy in common with the cat-fish. Like a gentleman, the game-fish is known by the company he keeps, by his haunts, his food, his manner of eating, &c. The pike, on the other hand, is the pig of the waters, a voracious wallower in the mud—"a fraud" in short.

To *Salmo*, therefore, "the king of game-fish," Mr. Hallock dedicates his book. The salmon "quickens his pulse and thrills his nerves, and makes his own heart *leap* with magnetic sympathy." The tone of deferential affection with which he speaks of his finny hero is exceedingly touching. By the way, what is the reason that sportsmen always express ardent attachment to their victims? Gordon Cumming carried the sentiment to a ludicrous extent; but, even with less demonstrative men, it sometimes almost passes from esteem to veneration. There is a distinction to be observed, however, between the hunter and the angler in this respect. Mr. Hallock lavishes all his affection and respect upon the salmon tribe. The hunter's regards are divided; for although he holds the stag in reverence, yet it is not as "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse;" for the balance of affection remains with the latter. What, therefore, the salmon or the trout is to the angler, the favourite hound becomes, from intimate acquaintance, to the hunter. Juvenal's words thus acquire a new significance:—

—— Hic *pisces* fluminis, illic
Oppida tota *canem* venerantur.

Three frontier fishing-grounds may be briefly mentioned. The Adirondacks is the name given to a rocky chain which traverses the northern part of the State of New York; crossing the St. Lawrence it forms the Thousand Islands, and crops up again

north of Kingston and Belleville, in the Township of Marmora. It constitutes the iron region in both countries. These rocks are the water-shed whence flow, to the north, the Racket, St. Régis, and other rivers; southward, the Hudson with its tributaries. This range, therefore, is the natural northern boundary of New York State, instead of the artificial line actually agreed upon—the parallel of 45°. The Rev. W. H. H. Murray is the topographer of the Adirondacks—the *genius loci* in season, and it would appear, out of season. This ecclesiastical Nimrod, according to an Albany journal, slaughtered ten deer during the month of July last, and thereby rendered himself liable to a penalty of \$500 for a breach of the game laws. This, in a sportsman of "high rank," is certainly a flagrant offence. The finest lakes and trout streams are to be found in the northern part of the wilderness. On its margin, we may observe, stands the village of North Elba, where "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave."

The Schoodic, or St. Croix River, forming, in part, the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick, gives its name to another good fishing district. It is, to some extent, the common property of both countries, and, but for the timid diplomacy of 1842, would have been wholly Canadian. The Aroostook region is the extreme northern portion of that long stretch of American territory injected, as it were, into the Dominion, like a wedge or nose—Brother Jonathan's nose—intruding where it has no business. The tip of this proboscis is Aroostook County, which is only American because Lord Ashburton was out-manceuvred by Daniel Webster. The trout-fishing resembles that of New Brunswick in its general characteristics.

Nova Scotia is described *con amore* by our author. He takes us completely round it in a trip which embraces Cape Breton. Starting from St. John, N.B., he rejects the Annapolis route, and recommends tour-

ists to go by steamboat "up the entire length of the Bay of Fundy to Windsor, and thence to Halifax—starting upon the mighty wave of an in-flowing tide, which rises at Windsor to the height of sixty feet; passing the beetling promontories of Capes Sharp and Split, whose bases are lashed by the foam of the eddying currents; and thence through the beautiful basin of Minas into the Avon River and the pastoral country of 'Evangeline.' Within six hours after their arrival at Windsor, the vast volume of water will have rolled back to the sea, leaving an immense hollow basin, as empty as the crater of a volcano, and a trickling rivulet, the only trace of its expended forces."

In these days of rapid locomotion it is impossible to get the average tourist to settle down in one small province for a month or two. The railway and the steamboat have much to answer for. They whirl and toss people up and down the face of the earth, and journeys are now measured, as Byron said of kisses, "by their length," and not by the actual pleasure and instruction they should afford. The more valuable a metal, the more ductile; not so with a certain type of human mind—it will draw out to an unlimited extent, from New York to Stamboul—the Pyramids—Calcutta—Yokohama—San Francisco, and home again, till it resembles the mathematical definition of a straight line—"length without breadth," or depth either, for that matter. As Hood observed to Rae Wilson:

"Some minds improve by travel, others rather
Resemble copper wire or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther."

Let the tourist who desires to spend his vacation profitably, read what Mr. Hallock says of Nova Scotia, and trace out the pleasure-path for himself. These are his words in reply to an almost forgotten collection of ephemeral sketches, whose author (an American) had "evidently closed but one eye on his national prejudices:"

"Herewith I enter the lists as the champion of Nova Scotia. Once upon a time I resided there for a considerable period. Within the past thirteen years I have traversed it from one extremity to the other; much of it by private conveyance. I have become enamoured of its natural beauties and unusual resources. Were I to give a first-class certificate of its general character, I would affirm that it yields a greater variety of products for export than any other territory on the globe of the same superficial area. * * As a game country it is unsurpassed. Large portions are still a primitive wilderness, and, in the least accessible forests, the moose and cariboo are scarcely molested by the hunter. Nearly every stream abounds in trout, and although civilization, with its dams and its mills, had nearly exterminated the salmon at one time, the efforts of the Canadian Government since 1868 have so far restored the streams that this royal fish may also be taken in all his old haunts. * * Most of the streams are short, running in parallel lines to the sea, only a few miles apart. The fishing ground seldom extends more than ten miles from their mouths, and they are so accessible to settlements that the angler can surfeit himself with sport by day, and sleep in a comfortable inn or farm-house by night—a juxta-position of advantages seldom to be found in America. There is no necessity for camping out."

Mr. Hallock is partial to a comfortable hostelry, though his ideas are by no means Falstaffian. Such an inn was Charley Lovett's, at Chester, N.S., with its "gossamer curtains, sheets snowy white, bouquets of fresh wild flowers, boots blacked in the morning, hot breakfast under covers—broiled salmon, baked trout with cream, omelettes," and, above all, that almost extinct article of the hotel *cuisine*—broiled, not fried beefsteak.

New Brunswick also comes in for a meed of praise—the trip on the Tobique being de-

scribed in glowing terms; next follows the Baie des Chaleurs with its noble fishing streams, the Nepissiguit and Restigouche especially—the latter, with Nepigon on Lake Superior, being evidently Mr. Hallock's pet rivers. Then we come to the Lower St. Lawrence, to which the author devotes many pages. We regret that we cannot follow him to Anticosti, Labrador and Newfoundland. We must confine ourselves to an extract. Our author's party is about to start from Quebec to the Jacques Cartier, the nearest salmon river of importance. Having driven twenty-five miles from the city, they are now on the point of committing themselves to the tender mercies of the voyageur and a birch-bark canoe. The French, as such French deserves to be, is printed without accent, just as we give it:—

"Pierre?"

"Messieu."

"Jusqu'on a le camp en haut?"

"No understand."

"I say, how far—O pshaw!—quelle distance a le camp?"

"Me tink about four mile, mebbby."

"Comme longtemps pensez vous, a faire le voyage?"

"Comment?"

"No comprenez?"

"Non, Monsieur."

"Pshaw! these Frenchmen can't speak their own language. You see they only speak a sort of *patois*. Let me see: "Combien de temps—that's it—how long—a faire le voyage? How much time—go up—eh?"

"Oh, two hour, I suppose."

"Ah well, then we shall have time to stop and catch a few fish for supper. This looks like a good place. I say, Pierre, bon place a peche, ici?"—a prendre poisson?"

"Oui—poisson—good place—catch fish."

"Then let's hold on—arrêt—la! voila le roche—l'autre cote—there—tenez."

After fishing till the bites begin to slacken, there is a further parley:

"Pierre! eh bien! montez—no—go down

stream—go—confound it—comment l'appelez—*descendez*."

"Oui, Monsieur—all right."

"Look out there—prenez garde! plague take it—sacre—you've crossed my line. I say, Pierre, clear that line, will you? tirez-vous mon ligne, s'il vous plait—there—bon. We'll try it here awhile."

They pitch their camp; the unlucky Frenchman falls asleep and lets the fire out. This is what he gets:

"Halloa there, you Frenchman! Re-veillez vous. Pourquoi permettez vous le feu sortir? Wake up, and make a fire!"

Ce pauvre Pierre! Were such things possible, he would probably have justified the selection of his Christian name by turning into *stone*. At any rate he must have been a very "Blue Peter" when about to embark on a fishing cruise with the author.

The Saguenay, with the gloomy solemnity of its rocky portals, is well described, and indeed the whole trip to Newfoundland is exceedingly entertaining, especially from a sporting point of view. The Upper Ottawa, in turn, receives a notice, but a very brief one—and by no means encouraging: "Anglers," says Mr. Hallock, "who propose to visit this utter wilderness, will be able to get information and guides at Ottawa. Those who go must expect to rough it. There is no alternative."

Our author advises the Lake Superior tourist to take the Collingwood route, and pass through the beautiful scenery of the North Channel. From Killarney to Pigeon River (the boundary between Canada and Minnesota) the shores abound in fishing streams. Mr. Hallock particularizes Garden River and the Michipicoten. Let us quote:—

"Yet there is one river and district which has never been described in books. It so greatly excels all others of the Superior region, and all known trout waters of America, that those who read thereof may well wonder and reflect. I refer to the Ne-

pigon and the head waters of the great chain of lakes. * * The river Nepigon is a noble stream, with water cold and clear as crystal, flowing with a volume six hundred feet wide into a magnificent bay of great extent. This bay is surrounded by long undulating ranges of hills, rugged precipices, huge bluffs and lofty mountains, more or less wooded with evergreens, interspersed with deciduous trees, and filled with islands of all sizes and every variety of outline. It is at once one of the safest and most beautiful harbours on Lake Superior."

We are then conducted up the river, surmounting the fifteen rapids by portages in preference to the canoe ascent. There is the "enchanted scenery" of Helen and numerous other lakes, with cascades in abundance. So on until we reach Lake Nepigon, which, however, the author—falling into the common error which prevailed before its actual survey—supposes to be as large as Ontario. The trout of the Nepigon district, "for endurance and activity, have no superiors;" the sport is, therefore, of the liveliest description—general weight from 3 to 4½ pounds.

Thus far we have followed the "Fishing Tourist," and we now take our leave of him, commending his lively and vigorous volume to all lovers of the sport. Before we close there is one point to which we must allude, and upon which Mr. Hallock strongly insists—the necessity of adequate protection for the spawning fish, coupled with provision for the re-stocking of depleted streams. In Canada, we owe such restrictive measures as we have to the energy of Mr. W. F. Whitcher, the Commissioner of Fisheries; to Mr. Samuel Wilmot, of Newcastle, the inception and successful development of artificial propagation. The Minister of Marine and Fisheries has been also indefatigable in his labours in this department. (See the Hon. Mr. Mitchell's last report.)

It is well known that not only the streams, but even the lakes, are fast becoming depopulated from various causes, of which the principal are: reckless fishing during the spawning season, when hundreds of ova are destroyed for every fish caught; the use of nets with meshes so fine as to detain the young fish; and, in the streams, wholesale destruction by the casting in of sawdust and the refuse of oil refineries, mills and factories generally.

Unfortunately, the evil is aggravated and rendered more formidable by its results. The gradual diminution in the supply has raised the price of fish; the American demand has largely increased, hence the fishermen have become more active and less scrupulous than before. The mill nuisance ought to be abated in some way—yet the prospect is not promising. Last session the attention of Parliament was called to the subject; but the lumberers asserted that they must stop their mills, if they were not permitted to poison the streams. Only a few years ago there was good trout-fishing to be found within twenty miles of Toronto; but the "creeks" have all been fished out. Surely no man has a right to destroy, for the amusement of a single idle hour, ova sufficient to replenish the stream.

The measures taken by Government—and they are by no means rigorous—have already produced a good effect. The yield in the neighbourhood of Goderich, which had been steadily diminishing for years, shows a large increase this season. Apart from the question of sport, the commercial and dietetic value of fish is so great that every one ought to feel it his duty to aid in stopping wholesale extermination like that of past years. For our own part, we entirely sympathize with the angling fraternity in their efforts on behalf of the finny race, and, therefore, earnestly appeal to the people to co-operate with the Fisheries Department in the strict enforcement of existing laws and regulations.

LONG AGO.

Two Roses bloomed upon a tree :
 Their white leaves touched with every sway.
 I bent to gather one, while She
 Plucked off the other, gently saying :
 "When things do grow and cling like this,
 And Death almost appeareth loath
 To take but one, 'twere greater bliss
 To both for Death to smite them both."

Lost Love ! Dead Love ! They come and go—
 The Summers with their sun and flowers,
 Their song of birds. I only know
 There is a blight upon the hours.
 No sun is like the once bright sun
 That shone upon that golden weather
 In which she said those flowers were one,
 And Death should spare or smite together.

E. W. H.

—*Athenæum*.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

By LOUISA MURRAY, Author of "*Carmina*," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DARK DAY AT ROEBAWN.

IF FRANK and Katharine were longer in getting to Roebawn than was absolutely necessary, the beauty of the morning, and the charms of the landscape through which their road lay, might well have excused them. Coming down the hill from Dunran, and passing by Fairy Lodge, they saw beneath the fertile and wooded vale through which the winding Vartrey runs to

the sea. In the depths of that valley, embosomed in trees celebrated for their size and beauty, lay the picturesque old house and domain of Rosana. The Vartrey, no longer swift and turbid as when it first escapes from the hills, but calm and clear, flows close by the house, and is there overhung by the spreading boughs of magnificent old horse-chestnuts ; the huge contorted trunks and twisted roots of the grand old trees lining the bank, and their heavy drooping branches spreading far across the river, and covering it with the deepest shade. Between

the river and the house was the rose garden, from which the place took its name, and beyond it a maze of evergreens and flowering shrubs, the natives of many climes.

In that lovely old place, on the banks of that gentle river, often wandered a fair and unhappy child of song, the authoress of "*Psyche, or the Legend of Love*," a poem now almost forgotten, as is the sad destiny and almost the name of the writer.* In that garden she gathered the roses when youth and hope and joy were hers, and built for herself that ideal and aerial world which genius creates; and under the shade of those melancholy boughs she sat and made mournful music to the river when that world had been shattered into dust, when hope and joy had fled, and death was near. Moore has sung of her beauty and genius in one of his most exquisite melodies, the sad sweetness of which haunts the memory like some magic strain, but few who sing the lovely song now know anything of the Mary whose memory inspired it—

"Though many a beauteous mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them were far less sweet
Than to remember thee,
Mary."

Losing sight of the valley, Frank and Katharine crossed the Ford, its bright waters flashing and sparkling about the horses' feet, and entered the narrow and shady lane through which Maurice Byrne had so often hurried to see Little Dorinn. Through the overarching trees the sunlight fell in bright flickering spangles across their path, and the delicious scent of the honeysuckle's "bugle blooms divine" filled the air; everything still showed the verdure and richness of summer just merging into

the tenderer, softer glow of autumnal loveliness. But as this pair of lovers rode slowly along, they thought nothing of the beautiful weather or the fair scenes through which they passed. They were filled with that perfect and absorbing happiness which permits no increase or diminution from outward surroundings, which gives sunshine to the darkest day, and beauty to the dulllest scene, and which an exquisite poet has expressed in the words, "Love is Enough!"

At last they came in sight of the low white walls and thatched roof of Roebawn, peeping out through its sheltering trees, and looking down on the lowly little dwelling from a high bank a few yards away, the fallen stones of the old castle showed their dark red tints, here and there, among the briars and bushes that almost covered them.

"Oh, what a pretty spot!" said Katharine, "so peaceful and sequestered,—with those old granite ruins to send one's fancy back to legendary times."

"You must get Mrs. Byrne to tell you some of her legends about the tower," said Frank. "She says it was built by a great chieftain of her race in the thirteenth century, and destroyed by Sir Charles Coote after the outbreak of 1641—that Coote whose name is execrated in Wicklow even more than Cromwell's. But I believe it was built by the English, and afterwards taken and burned down by the O'Byrnes. The true Irish seldom or never used stone in their buildings, but held to the Celtic proverb, 'Better is a castle of bones than a castle of stones!'"

"It was a brave proverb," said Katharine.

"Oh, yes, they were brave enough, those Irish Celts. They despised mail armour as much as stone walls, and fought their iron-clad invaders dressed in their saffron-dyed shirts and mantles, and with their heads only covered by their long flowing hair. But stone and iron conquered; the saffron shirts went forth to the war, but, as Ossian

* Mrs. Henry Tighe. She married her cousin, a son of Mr. Tighe, of Rosana, after having refused him many times—unable, it was said, to resist his passionate love, though she did not return it. The union turned out a very unhappy one, and she died young.

says, they always fell, and at last their very dress—their long hair, and yellow mantles—was proscribed. I wonder if their angry ghosts ever wander about their old haunts now-a-days. I think, if they do, it must soothe them to hear you when you sing—‘I will fly with my Coulin.’ I know it wrapt me in Elysium last night.”

“You are so fond of music,” said the happy Katharine.

“Of *your* music—music that comes from the soul, and speaks to the soul—I am,” said Frank.

Turning into the lane leading to the farm-yard, they rode on between its banks, where the hazel bushes hung out their ripening clusters, and the weird old ash trees, half-covered with ivy and lichen, had their roots clothed with soft cushions of moss, till they came to the yard gate. A boy inside was sitting on a stone, eating apples, and Frank called to him to come and take the horses.

The boy threw away his apple, and ran into the lane. “Oh, sir,” he exclaimed, “have you brought any news of Mr. Byrne?”

“Mr. Byrne? No. What do you mean, Barney?”

“Sure he never came home since he went to Dublin, and to-day the mistress got a letter that’s drove her fairly distracted.”

“Why, what was in the letter?” asked Frank.

“Oh, sorra bit of me knows,” said Barney. “Ned Keegan says Mr. Byrne’s murdered, and Terry Ryan says he’s gone across the seas to America; but Nancy Connor says the letter was from himself, and sure if it was, he can’t be dead anyhow.”

“Where is Mrs Byrne?”

“Up at the old castle, sir. The very minute she read the letter she ran up there like a madwoman, and we thought she’d do herself a mischief, till Nancy had the wit to send for Little Dorinn.”

“Is Little Dorinn with her now?”

“Yes, sir, and there was a letter for her

too, and Nancy says whatever was in it she doesn’t know, but she thinks it has broke her heart.”

“Katharine, I must go to them, poor souls,” said Frank. “I must find out what has happened. There is a seat under that old budlea in the bawn—will you wait for me there?”

“May I go with you?” asked Katharine, from whose beautiful and sensitive face the flush of young love and happiness had suddenly fled, leaving it quite pale. “I am so sorry for Mrs. Byrne—and for Little Dorinn, too,” and her eyes filled with compassionate tears.

“Yes, my Katharine, come if you wish; perhaps you may be able to comfort them a little. And when we know the truth, it may not be so bad as Barney says.”

Drawing Katharine’s arm through his, Frank led her across the little stream that ran by the dairy, and up the bank to the ruined tower. A few green mounds, a pile or two of huge granite stones, and broken fragments, were all that remained. Mosses and lichens, weeds and wild flowers, grew over the stones, and thickets of elder, thorns and briars, clustered about them. Just outside one of the mounds stood the remnant of a once magnificent oak, dead at one side, and with a hollow space in its trunk that would have held twenty men; the other side still bore branches, green and apparently vigorous.

Under this grand old tree, which had flourished before the tower was built, Mrs. Byrne was sitting, her head bowed down, her arms clasped about her knees, rocking herself to and fro while she moaned and wept. She had torn off her cap in her frenzy of grief, and her long hair, raven black, with here and there a white streak gleaming through, fell wildly over her shoulders. Little Dorinn knelt beside her, not weeping or lamenting, but quiet and still; every vestige of colour had fled from her face, her very lips were white, and her eyes had a

fixed and glassy look like that of one whose life-blood was slowly ebbing away. Her complete and rigid quietude contrasted strangely with the groans and cries and restless rockings of Mrs. Byrne, but on seeing Frank a sudden gleam of living anguish leaped from her eyes, a quick spasm of pain and fear passed over her face, and, gasping for breath, she turned towards him with a mute appeal, as if she thought he was coming to destroy her last hope.

Frank understood her looks. "I know nothing!" he said hastily, "have heard nothing except what Barney told me."

"Who's that speaking?" cried Mrs. Byrne, starting up, and looking wildly about her. "Oh, Mr. Frank! Mr. Frank! do you know anything of my boy?"

"No, my dear Mrs. Byrne, nothing," said Frank, "is anything the matter with him?"

"Oh, the Lord only knows what's the matter with him! He's gone away, Mr. Frank! gone away and left me. He's left the mother that would have given the last drop of her blood to save him from sorrow and trouble—left her to die in her old age heartbroken and desolate. Oh wirra! wirra! that ever I lived to see this black and bitter day!" And tearing her hair, and tossing her arms wildly about, she "flung forth her voice" in those shrill wailing cries in which the Irish give vent to their grief and despair.

As the wild wail pierced her ears, Little Dorinn shuddered, and rushing to Mrs. Byrne threw her arms about her. "Oh, don't! don't!" she cried, "for the dear God's sake don't be *keening* that way! Sure he's not dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Byrne, "Is it my beautiful boy! Oh, God forbid! No, he's not dead, and sure I'm a wicked woman to be *keening* for him as if he was! But God help me, I don't know what I'm saying or doing! Let me alone, child, let me alone, till I come to my senses!" And putting herself away from Little Dorinn's clasp, she

walked up and down the bank in front of the ruins, weeping and wringing her hands.

With a weary sigh Little Dorinn sat down on the grass where Mrs. Byrne had left her. The patient sorrow in her pale, gentle face, was inexpressibly sad to see, and Katharine, moved with the tenderest pity, stole softly to her side, and silently took her hand. As Little Dorinn felt the touch of that gentle and sympathetic hand, she grasped it as the drowning catch at help, and looking up into Katharine's face, down which tears were falling fast, her bosom heaved, an hysterical sob seemed to rise in her throat, and she burst into tears. But she did not weep violently or passionately; her tears flowed softly and silently, and she sat quite still, firmly clasping Katharine's hand.

In a little while Mrs. Byrne, subdued and exhausted, also sat down, and Frank, going to her, gently said: "Dear Mrs. Byrne, are you able now to tell me what has happened? Try and tell me everything, and then, perhaps, I will be able to help you. How do you know Maurice has gone away?"

"Didn't he tell me so himself!" said Mrs. Byrne, still weeping bitterly, but trying to control herself as Frank's words seemed to give her a vague hope. "Do you think I'd have believed anything but his own handwriting?"

"May I see the letter?" asked Frank.

"Well, indeed you may, Mr. Frank." And opening her clenched hand, she showed a piece of crumpled paper that had been tightly squeezed within her palm.

Taking it from her, Frank read:

"My own dear Mother,

"I am not coming home at present. God only knows whether I will ever come home again. But don't think that I've done anything wrong; far from it; and if you knew all, I'm sure you wouldn't blame me. At anyrate I can't help myself now. Old Michael will work the land, and if you want any other advice go to Mr. Frank—he will help you

Give the letter I send with this to Little Dorinn, and, dear mother, be good to her and old Paddy for my sake. Dear mother, when you read this go up to the old oak tree that saw the Byrnes in their greatness and glory hundreds of years ago, and has seen me, that maybe will be the last of the old stock, and give me your blessing.

"Your loving son,

"MAURICE BYRNE."

"Read it aloud," said Mrs. Byrne. "I saw it with my eyes, but I want to hear it with my ears."

Putting her elbows on her knees and resting her head on her hands, Mrs. Byrne devoured with hungry ears every word as Frank read the letter, and Little Dorinn, trying to wipe away her tears with her apron, also listened eagerly. At every sentence Mrs. Byrne interrupted Frank with some comment, and then made him read it again, repeating the words after him as if she were trying to find some hidden meaning in them which had escaped her before.

"He's done nothing wrong, he says? Of course he's done nothing wrong; he never was the boy to do wrong. And he says I wouldn't blame him if I knew all. Well—maybe I wouldn't. It's little reason I ever had to blame him. No mother ever had a better son. But what does he mean by saying he can't help himself now? I hope he hasn't gone and married some one. Dublin's a wicked place, and sure the wisest have been taken in before now, though Maurice had always more sense than any young man I ever knew."

But this last suggestion roused Little Dorinn. "No, Mrs. Byrne," she said, while a bright hectic flush dried up the tears on her cheeks "He'll never do that! Never! never! Didn't you see the letter he sent me? He says he'll be true to me while he lives, and I know he will."

"Well, indeed, he always was a boy to his word, but why does he write that way in

riddles, putting all sorts of notions into my head. What's that now, Mr. Frank? Read that again. He tells me to go to you if I want help or advice. And sure it's to my own son I ought to look for it, and not to one that's neither kith nor kin to me. God give me patience, what's that he says now? Maybe he'll be the last of the old stock! And sure if he is, it's his own fault. Oh, musha then, men are contrary creatures. If ever a boy seemed mad in love with a girl, he seemed mad in love with Little Dorinn, and he never was easy night nor day till he got my consent and hers—for I'll say that for her, God bless her, she never gave her consent till he got mine—and then, when everything was smooth before him, and he had nothing to do but to take her to the priest, he runs off to Dublin, and writes a letter to say he's not coming back. Now, Mr. Frank, did you ever know the like of that? Oh, what can have come over him? The blessed saints help us, maybe he's gone crazy. Ochone! ochone! what'll I do, what'll I do?"

She was starting up again with wild cries and gestures, but Frank gently held her down. "Mrs. Byrne," he said, "listen to me—trust to me. I'll do what I can to find Maurice and bring him home."

"Oh, God bless you, Mr. Frank, will you? Oh, may the blessing of the Almighty be about you and about them that belong to you, and may you never know a sorrow like mine!"

"But if I am to help you," said Frank, "you must try and be calm and collected, and answer my questions. First tell me what did Maurice go to Dublin for, and when did he intend to come back."

"He went to buy things for the wedding," said Mrs. Byrne,—“at any rate that's what he told me, and he was to come back the day after he went."

This was all Mrs. Byrne knew, and Frank could learn nothing from her that threw the faintest light on Maurice's mysterious letter.

He then turned to Little Dorinn, who, with pale, trembling lips, said that Maurice had told her the night before he left home that he was going to buy "the ring," and would be back the next day. She was quite sure he had no other intention then. Maurice Byrne never told a lie, nor deceived any one in his life.

"He has written to you," said Frank, "may I read the letter?"

Little Dorinn flushed painfully, and then the bright colours faded and left her deadly pale as before.

"I might see something in it that would help me to find him," said Frank.

"Maybe he doesn't want to be found," said Little Dorinn, pressing her hand against her bosom where the letter was lying.

"Why, Little Dorinn," said Frank, "have you forgotten what friends Maurice and I have always been? You need not hide anything from me. I would do as much for him as if he were my brother."

Little Dorinn trembled all over, but she was still silent.

"Dear Little Dorinn," whispered Katharine, "will you not trust him? Surely Maurice must have told you how good he is. He only thinks of what is best for Maurice and you."

"Oh, I know that," said Little Dorinn; "but maybe Maurice wouldn't like me to show it—though it tells nothing," she added quickly.

"If I am not mistaken," said Frank, gravely, "he has been led into a mad undertaking, which can only end in the ruin of all engaged in it. If you know anything you ought to tell me. You may be quite sure I would leave nothing undone to save him from the consequences of his rashness."

"Oh, Mr. Frank, I know nothing!" said Little Dorinn. "But there's the letter—he always said he'd trust you with anything, and why shouldn't I?" And taking out the letter, which she touched as tenderly as if it had life and feeling, she handed it to Frank.

This was the letter:

"My darling Little Dorinn:

"Perhaps I will never see you again, but whether I do or not, you are the only one I ever loved, or will love till I die. Oh, my darling, don't think hardly of me. It seemed to me that as a true man I had no choice but to do as I have done. But I know my darling will forgive me, and love me still, as I will her while life is left me.

"Do you remember the straw ring I fitted on your finger that last happy night? I sewed it up in a little bag, and have it hanging round my neck this minute.

"Yours forever,

"MAURICE BYRNE."

When he had read it, Frank returned the letter to Little Dorinn, who timidly and gravely offered it to Katharine, as if to show her how gratefully she appreciated her sympathy.

"He wouldn't marry another girl, would he, miss?" she said, as Katharine gave it back to her.

"No, never!" said Katharine, warmly.

"No, it's not that I'm afraid of," said Little Dorinn, as she hid her treasure away in her bosom; "it's something else."

"You have the same fears that I have," said Frank. "But tell me why."

Then Little Dorinn told Frank of the Fenian ballads and pictures that had been given to Matty the Mouse at the fair of Kilcool, and how excited Maurice had been while looking at them, and listening to her grandfather's stories of the heroes of ninety-eight. She knew he had no thought of becoming a Fenian then, she said, but she believed he had met some of them on his way home that night and been persuaded into joining them. She was sure there was nothing else in the world could have kept him away.

"What is that you're saying about Fenians?" cried Mrs. Byrne. "Maurice is no Fenian, nor Ribbonman, nor anything

of the sort, and sure you ought to know that, Mr. Frank. Is it because his father's cousin was hung in ninety-eight that you're suspecting him of being a rebel?"

"Unfortunately the Fenian cause is gaining strength every day," said Frank, "and a spirited young fellow like Maurice, with all the traditions of his family in its favour, might be tempted to join it."

"No, never," cried Mrs. Byrne, vehemently. "Spirited did you say? Well, he is, but he's steady and industrious, too, and he'd no more 'list with the Fenians than he would with the Queen's sogers. What on earth could put such a notion into your mind, Mr. Frank? Was there anything about Fenians in Little Dorinn's letter?"

"Sure didn't you read it yourself, Mrs. Byrne?" said Little Dorinn.

"Oh, yes, I read it, but my eyes were so blinded with the tears that were falling, that I thought maybe I missed some of it. But sure I know he wouldn't say more to any one than to his own mother. He never had a secret from me in his life."

"He had a stranger with him the night before he left for Dublin," said Frank, "a man who called himself Johnson, and whom I believe to be a Fenian. Did he say anything about him to you, Mrs. Byrne?"

"No, Mr. Frank, not a word. Sure I was in bed when he came in that night, and he was off so early in the morning he hadn't time to speak a word to me. Mr. Frank, I don't believe he's joined the Fenians—I don't indeed. It isn't like him to leave his mother and his sweetheart without a word, and go off in that wild way. But if he has—Oh, Mr. Frank, sure you'll never betray him!"

"I'll try and get him away from them, Mrs. Byrne," said Frank. "But first I must find out where he is. If I could get hold of that Johnson, I might force some information out of him; and if I can't, I'll go to Dublin to-morrow and try what I can do there. Keep up your courage, Mrs. Byrne; try and

hope for the best, Little Dorinn; I will do all in my power to bring him safe home to you."

"God bless you, Mr. Frank; God will reward you! What in the world would me and Little Dorinn have done without you. And, indeed, my heart feels lighter than it did. Even if he *has* joined the Fenians, sure it's better to know it than to be suspecting worse things. And you'll get him away from them, Mr. Frank, I know you will. Sure your word was always his law. Oh, yes, thank God! my heart's lighter. Sure when I got his letter and saw what was in it—that he wasn't coming home now, and maybe never, and no reason given, I was just out of my senses. And, I'm sure, I ought to ask the young lady's pardon for the distracted state she saw me in, but I know she'll excuse it on account of my sore trouble."

"Dear Mrs. Byrne," said Katharine, taking her hand, "I thought of nothing but your great sorrow, but I hope you will soon have your son home with you again."

"Yes, miss, with the help of God and Mr. Frank, I hope I will. And now I'll go down to the house, where there has been nothing but idleness and confusion all day, and try and put things a little straight. The poor boy's property musn't be let go to wrack and ruin while he's away. But first I must give him my blessing up here, as he asked me to do."

Tossing back her long black hair, which streamed in the breeze, she clasped her hands and raised them to heaven, the wild fervour of her upturned face, and the passionate energy of her voice and attitude thrilling and awing her listeners, as, without a single pause, she poured forth her supplication like one inspired:

"May the blessing of the Great God and His holy saints be about you, Maurice Byrne, night and morning, winter and summer. May He keep you from fire and water, sword and tempest, and from evil spirits

and wicked men ! May He save your soul and body from harm and hurt, and may every hair of your head be marked to glory ! And may He bring you safe home to the mother that bore you ! In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen and Amen."

Then she turned to Little Dorinn, whose rapt look and murmuring lips showed that she had joined with her whole soul in Mrs. Byrne's prayer : "Come, avourneen," she said, holding out her hand, "twist up my hair for me and put on my cap. Maybe Mr. Frank and the young lady will excuse the place being in disorder, and come in and taste my gooseberry jam, and my home-made bread and butter. It won't be the first time for you, Mr. Frank."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Byrne. Many a big slice of bread and butter you have given me, when Maurice and I came in as hungry as hawks after a day's shooting, and I always thought them better than any I got at home."

"Well, so you always said, and I hope you and the young lady will come in now and take a taste of it."

With all the wonderful elasticity of the Irish temperament, its power of brightening every gleam of sunshine as rapidly as it darkens every cloud, its marvellous facility of flying from one extreme of the gamut of feeling to the other, as the chords are touched by a word, a look, a breath, Mrs. Byrne was now fully persuaded that Frank would bring Maurice back to her in a day or two, nothing the worse for his Fenian escapade, of which, in her inmost heart, she was beginning to feel rather proud than otherwise. She was now able to think of the duties of hospitality, and to feel some mortification that her house was not in proper order to receive her guests.

"Many thanks, Mrs. Byrne," said Frank, "but I cannot stop to-day. I must set to work at once to hunt up that Johnson. The moment I find any clue to Maurice I will

let you know, and I will come again soon, and bring Miss Kirwan to eat some of your bread and butter, if she will come with me."

This Katharine willingly promised to do, and, shaking hands with Mrs. Byrne, bade her a kind farewell.

But a tenderer pity touched her as she pressed Little Dorinn's hand in hers, and saw how the poor girl's full eyes brimmed over. Though naturally light of heart and buoyant of spirit, like a true Irish maiden, Little Dorinn could not cast off her grief and fear as quickly as Mrs. Byrne. The blow that had fallen on her so unexpectedly, in the midst of her bliss, had not only filled her heart with sorrow, but with a terrible dread of something worse to come, and she felt as a happy child who had built up some fairy-like bower might feel, if, in the midst of her joyous play, she had seen it fall at her feet, shattered by a thunder-bolt coming down from a blue and cloudless sky. Not that she blamed Maurice for joining the Fenians. She was too true to the faith and traditions of her people for that, but her grandfather remembered the high hopes of the rebels in ninety-eight, and the miserable failure that had crushed them, and he had taught her to believe that the Fenians would meet with a similar fate. So much the more was Maurice a hero in her eyes for joining them, but this was little comfort to her, poor child, while her heart grew cold with fear that she would never see him again.

Frank rewarded Barney with a shilling for having taken care of the horses, with which he was so highly delighted that he nearly pulled off the long lock that hung down over his forehead, he plucked it so violently as he grinned his surprise and satisfaction.

Sadder and graver than when they had come, the lovers rode away from Roebawn. Katharine could not forget the pale, sad face of Little Dorinn, and Frank was seriously alarmed about Maurice.

"I think I had better try and see old Matty first," Frank said ; "I am sure he

knows all about Johnson, and could help me to get hold of him if he chose. Johnson, I have no doubt, is a Fenian recruiting-sergeant. If I can get him to give me some useful information about Maurice and the Fenians, he shall be let off easily; if not, it will be the worse for him."

"Oh, Frank," said Katharine, "I am terrified lest you should do something to bring on yourself the hatred of these men. You know they would think nothing of murdering you, if they once believed you had injured them."

"Why, Donna Catalina!" said Frank, smiling, "I thought you had more courage. But don't look so grave, my own sweet love," he added more gravely, "I will be very careful. There is not a man on earth who has more reason to find life sweet than I have."

As he spoke, they turned a bend in the road, and saw coming towards them Matty the Mouse, with his leathern budget, his girdle of traps, and magical walking stick.

"Matty," exclaimed Frank, "You are the very man I want to see."

"God save you, sir, God save you, miss," said Matty, touching the edge of his cap; "You're wanting to see me, Mr. Frank, are you? It's lucky I met you then. I was just going to Roebawn. I hear the poor woman there is in sore trouble about her son."

"Perhaps you can tell her something about him, Matty."

"Is it me, Mr. Frank? Indeed and I can't. I wish I could."

"When did you see him last?" asked Frank.

"Well, it was the night before he went to Dublin. I went to see old Paddy and to get some quicken-berries from Little Dorinn, and I found him there, and left him there, too; and that was the last I saw of him."

"Have you heard of him since?"

"No, Mr. Frank, not a word, barring what I heard an hour ago from a boy that works

at Roebawn, and he told me there was a letter from him saying he was never coming home any more. But sure, I can hardly believe that."

"Matty," said Frank, fixing his steady glance on the old man's twinkling little eyes, "if you don't know where he is, I am sure you suspect it—as I do."

"Musha, now, Mr. Frank, what are you cross-questioning me for, as if you had me in the law courts? I know no more of Maurice Byrne than you do."

"Well, do you know a man named Johnson who said he came from Dublin, and was lodging in this neighbourhood a few days ago?"

"Divil a bit of me will answer any more of your questions, Mr. Frank, till you tell me why you're asking them—begging the young lady's pardon and yours for speaking so bold."

"It is for Mrs. Byrne's sake," said Katharine.

"Is it, my lady? Sure I know Mrs. Byrne and him was always good friends, but how can I tell him what I don't know?"

"The truth is," said Frank, "I strongly suspect that Maurice has joined the Fenians. Such a step can only end in his ruin, and there is nothing I would not do to save him from the consequences of his folly. If you can help me to find him, you will be conferring a favour on me which I will never forget, besides doing him the greatest service, for I believe if I could see him, I could persuade him to return before it is too late."

"No, Mr. Frank, you couldn't," said Matty, shaking his head, "if Maurice has taken the oath, he'll never break it."

"But has he taken it? Has he really joined them?"

"I don't know, Mr. Frank, and that's God's truth. If Maurice has joined the Fenians I've had no hand in it, nor I don't know any one that had. I've nothing to do with Fenians."

"There was a parcel of Fenian songs and

pictures found in Black Tom's Cellars last night, and given to me," said Frank, "and I have reason to think it was you put them there."

"Me, your honour!" cried Matty, not in the least disconcerted. "Who in the world could have told you that? If I had such things why would I put them in Black Tom's Cellars?"

"Come now, Matty," said Frank, "be honest. You know I'll take no mean advantage of anything you say to me. Tell me who gave you those ballads, and why did you put them in Black Tom's Cellars?"

"Well, indeed, I don't know who he was, Mr. Frank. He was a stranger to me, and I never saw him before or since, and when he put the parcel into my hand I no more knew what was in it than the man in the moon. And as for why I hid them in those old ruins it was just because I thought they'd be out of mischief, but it seems they couldn't be let lie quiet, even there—all the worse, maybe, for it's a wise saying that says it's best to let sleeping dogs lie."

"You ought to have taken them to a magistrate," said Frank.

"I don't know, Mr. Frank; I'm a peaceable man and one that likes to live a quiet life; and if I took them to a magistrate it might have brought me or some one else into trouble. There was one that did say to me to burn them, but I couldn't find it in my heart to do it, for there was songs among them about old Ireland that made my blood run as warm and young as it did when I was twenty. No, no, Mr. Frank, that is just what it is. I couldn't find it in my heart to burn them, though I didn't want to be spreading them about, now that the country's so much disturbed."

"You don't wish to encourage Fenianism then?" said Frank.

"Well, no, sir, I wouldn't encourage it; all I say is God help them that's in it; and I hope they'll have their reward in heaven,

for it's sure and certain they won't have it on earth."

"Wisely said, Matty. And now perhaps you'll tell me what you know about Johnson."

"What Johnson do you mean, Mr. Frank?"

"I mean the man that was with Maurice Byrne the night before he left for Dublin—the man, as I believe, that gave you those Fenian ballads."

"Musha, then, Mr. Frank, didn't I tell you that I don't know who it was gave them to me, and never heard his name; and moreover, I'll tell you the truth—if I did I'd keep it to myself. I'm no Fenian, but I'm no informer either."

"Well, Matty," said Frank, "I thought you would have helped me for Maurice's sake, but since you won't I must do what perhaps I ought to have done at first, employ the police."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Frank," said Matty, "take an old man's advice, and don't do anything rash. It's mighty easy to stir up strife, but it's mortal hard to put it down. Isn't that true, Miss?" and he looked up at Katharine.

"It is not Mr. Frank who wishes to stir up strife," said Katharine, "it is the Fenians, and those who help them."

"Well, Miss, all I say is that if there's any of them here, I hope Mr. Frank will send them away quiet and easy, and not raise any bad blood in the neighbourhood."

"I must do my duty," said Frank; "I wished to save Maurice Byrne, but I am beginning to fear now that it may be out of my power. Come, Katharine, let us go."

As Frank and Katharine rode away, Matty turned and looked after them, muttering to himself as he did so: "Fenianism's nothing but folly, I know," he said, "but sure them that's in it are risking their lives and all they have in the world for the good old cause, and though I wouldn't advise any man to join them, I'll never inform on one of them."

Mr. Frank's the best of his sort I ever knew—I'll say that for him, but he has too much English blood in him to have the right feeling for Ireland. Sorry I am if Maurice has gone with the Fenians, but if he has, he'll stick to them, like a brave boy as he is, that gave up house and home, and his pretty little sweetheart, for his country's sake; and no good can come of Mr. Frank or any one else trying to find him. As for that chap at Miles Mahony's, of course it was him gave me the ballads, though it's true, as I told Mr. Frank, I haven't seen him since; but there's some things we know without seeing them, just as a boy knows when his sweetheart comes near him, though she doesn't speak a word, and he's blindfold. But I'm not going to betray him, and what's more I'll send him a hint to get out of the way of Mr. Frank and the *polis* as quick as I can."

"Having come to this conclusion, Matty walked back a few steps, crossed a stile, and taking a path through a bit of woodland that skirted the road, came out on a common. At the edge of the wood was a little cottage, somewhat better than the generality of Irish cabins; the thatch was whole, its two little windows were clean and bright, and its walls whitewashed, and covered with hops. The pig, instead of inhabiting the family apartment, grunted in a sty, and there was a "garden" of potatoes, the soil and manure having been carried there by the owner in creels on his donkey's back, when his day's work was over. In front of the cabin stood this patient but obstinate member of an "oppressed race," immovable as stone, while a trio of ragged urchins were clinging to his back, and as many more thumping him with sticks in a vain effort to make him move on.

The moment the children saw Matty they left the donkey, and ran screaming and shouting towards him. "It is Matty—it is ould Matty. Give us a tune, Matty; give us a tune!"

Putting the queer figure-head of his stick to his mouth, Matty brought forth a succession of comical sounds which the children hailed with screams of laughter, in the younger ones a little hysterical, their enjoyment being slightly dashed with fear, but not the less delightful for that.

"Again, Matty! do it again!" said the children, as Matty, taking the stick from his mouth, regarded his audience with a benevolent grin.

"By and bye, childher, by and bye," said Matty. "Molly, astore, how are you?"

Molly was the children's mother, who had come to the door smiling and nodding to Matty, while a fat baby in her arms crowed and clapped his hands at the sight of the old man's familiar face, and the sound of the well-known tune.

Slipping off his trappings, and laying down his stick, which the children eyed curiously, but did not attempt to touch, Matty sat down on a bench outside the door, and took the baby in his arms, who went to him eagerly.

"Well, I'm sure it's wonderful what a way you have with children, Matty," said Molly.

"Yes, indeed," said Matty, "they couldn't like me better if I was as handsome as a picture; but it's God puts it into their hearts, the darlings, just to give me a bit of comfort. Dan, my curly-headed gossoon, do you think your mother will let you run on a message for me?"

"Indeed I will, Matty, with all my heart. He goes to school now; but this is a holiday, and when he's idle he's always in mischief. But the master says he's terrible quick at learning."

"Oh, faix, he's a cute little chap, I know that," said Matty; "didn't he fight for my stick and try to play on it when he was no bigger than this fellow on my knee. Come here, Danny, my man."

Danny, a bright, bold-looking boy of ten, readily came forward.

"Do you know Miles Mahony's?" asked Matty.

"How would I help knowing it? Don't I pass it every day when I'm going to school?"

"True for you; so you do. Well, you're to go there as fast as your legs can carry you, and you're to see Miles himself, and tell him you've a message for one Mr. Johnson, that's lodging there, and when he asks you what the message is, you're to say it is this—'there's visitors coming to him to-day that he won't want to see, and the sooner he's out of that with every bit of paper he's got, written or printed, the better.' That's what you're to say, and if he asks you, as no doubt he will, who sent the message, you're to name no names, not on any account, but just show him that knot of green ribbon I'm giving you with that bit of written paper twisted into it, and he'll understand all about it. Now let me see if you have your lesson."

Danny, whose intelligent eyes had been riveted on Matty while he was speaking, repeated the message word for word.

"That's it," said Matty, approvingly; "you'll be a fine scholar some day, I see that, and who knows but you'll live to be as great a man as your namesake, the great Dan. O'Connell himself. I'll stay here till you come back, and if you do my message well, and bring me the bit of ribbon safe back again, I'll fetch you a pair of white rabbits to-morrow. Now be off with you, and don't let the grass grow under your feet."

"Here, put a hat on your head anyway," said his mother, and snatching it from her, Dan started off at his best pace.

He executed his commission with perfect fidelity and accuracy, and the result was that before Frank Wingfield, with two policemen and a search-warrant, arrived at Miles Mahony's public, Captain McCann had taken his departure, leaving nothing

behind but a few specimens of ores, and a pamphlet on the mineral wealth of Wicklow.

Old Matty chuckled gleefully on hearing how Frank and the police had been baffled; and is there one Catholic Irishman of his class who would not have done the same? After all the years during which Ireland has been nominally united to England, the Irish people feel as if it had only been conquered yesterday, and carry on an undying guerilla warfare, bequeathed from father to son, against the enemy, towards whom they believe all stratagems, from the smallest, relating to a ha'porth of salt, to the greatest, involving many lives, fair and justifiable. They have the most profound faith in a Golden Age of peace and prosperity, religion and learning, existing in the "Sacred Isle" before the English invaders came, and an equally intense belief that if the English were driven away, and the Irish had their own again, that Golden Age would return. Their strong family affections, their deep religious temperament, their keen and sensitive feelings, their passionate love of poetry and song, are all on the side of this dream of the past, this vision of the future, and between the two the real world of the past slips away from their grasp, leaving them weak, ignorant and impoverished; and it is much to be feared that generations must pass away before they cease to rebel against the dominion of fact, and keep pace with the growing enlightenment of other nations.*

* A poor Irishman, long settled in Canada, who by hard work and strict economy had been able to buy a small farm, and save a little money besides, asked a neighbour to lend him a book to read in the long winter evenings. "But don't give me one that has anything in it against Ireland," he said; "I don't want to read it if there is anything in it against Ireland." Is not this highly characteristic of the Irishman's everlasting revolt against the despotism of fact?

CHAPTER XV.

THE PHOOKA'S GLEN.

AT the close of one of the short nights of June, just before sunrise, a weird-looking little old man, who might well have been mistaken by the superstitious for a wizard coming to practise his incantations on the spirits that haunt Ireland's wild and lonely places, appeared on the verge of one of the most beautiful and romantic spots in all the land. Here, through a piece of wild broken ground, where moss and heath, meadow sweet, bog myrtle and wild thyme, and all that luxuriance of shrub and wild flower, growing where the bog meets the rock, and for a while they almost seem to blend together, the river coming down from Djence Mountain poured its swift waters, till, reaching the edge of a precipice one hundred feet high, it fell over it in one unbroken sheet, and was dashed into foam and spray on the rocks in the glen below. This glen was a narrow gorge cleaving a great mountain into two equal parts, and just wide enough for the passage of the stream and a footpath at either side. One-half of the mountain was richly wooded with oak, ash, birch and holly, interspersed with masses of broken rock; the other half was bare, except for the clouds of pink and purple heather that clothed its precipitous sides. Through this wild, lonely glen, the river dashed after its falls, tumbling into deep dark pools famous for trout, and rushing madly over the rocks that barred its way; hurrying along with headlong speed, till, after a stormy course of a mile, it emerged from the glen and flowed quietly through the valley to the sea.

There was a little stirring of insects in the grass, a twitter of birds in the bushes, as the morning-star dropped below the horizon, and the first pearly flush of coming day shot upward; but in the glen beneath all was yet shrouded in sombre gloom, in the midst

of which the noise of the waterfall dashing on the rocks, while it veiled its riven waters in spray and mist, might have stirred some feeling of superstitious terror in all who were sensitive to such influences, and had probably given rise to some of the many legends of evil and unhappy spirits haunting the glen, in which every peasant in the neighbourhood faithfully believes.

But no spirit or goblin was the weird-looking figure breaking the loneliness of the scene at this early hour—only Matty the Mouse, carrying his usual equipment of budget, traps, and walking staff. Sitting down on a little hillock, Matty slipped off his burdens, laid down his staff, and, taking off his rabbit-skin cap, drew forth a red cotton handkerchief and wiped his head and face. "It's plain to be seen old age is coming upon me," he said, speaking aloud to himself, as is often the habit of lonely old age to do, "or I wouldn't be so easy tired; but it is a mighty hot morning anyway."

As he spoke he put out his hand, and pulling a branch of a whortleberry bush towards him, began to pick and eat the berries, called "froghans" by the Irish. At the same moment a startled hare, evidently suddenly disturbed from her form somewhere near, ran almost over his feet.

"Now, what was it that put up that hare, I wonder?" said Matty, resuming his monologue. "They say it's not lucky to be crossed by a frightened hare before you've broke your fast in the morning—it is a mercy I eat them froghan berries, for sure I remember well how a big hare crossed my feet that way the week before my poor Biddy died."

But he stopped hastily, and let the bough he was holding spring back, as a man dressed in a green uniform, with a short rifle in his hand and a bayonet stuck in his belt, sprung over some rocks and stood beside him.

"It *is* you, Matty," said the stranger, for so he seemed; "I knew you the moment I caught sight of you, even in this light."

"Well, that's more than I do you," said Matty. "Who are you at all, and what knowledge have you of me?"

"Why, Matty, is it possible you don't know me? Am I so changed? Don't you know Maurice Byrne?"

"Maurice Byrne! Blessed Mother! Are you Maurice Byrne? I was saying a moment ago my feet were failing me, but I'm afeard my memory's going too, for I wouldn't have known you if I had met you in the door of Roebawn."

It was, however, no great wonder that Matty did not at once recognize Maurice, for, besides the alteration his dress made, he was greatly changed. His bright brown hair, with all its sunny colours and wavelets, had been closely cut away, his mouth was hidden by a rather fierce-looking moustache, his features all looked larger and more clearly marked; the warm healthy hue of his cheek had changed to a dark paleness, the playful light of his eyes had fled, and been succeeded by a somewhat gloomy gravity; his frank, merry voice had grown sterner and more incisive; and his erect carriage and military bearing made him look taller and older.

"For God's sake, Matty," said Maurice, trying to master the agitation he felt, "tell me about them. Don't wait for me to ask any questions—I am afraid to ask."

"Haven't you heard anything since you left?" asked Matty.

"Not a word—not a single word—speak, Matty, speak!"

"Well," said Matty, slowly, "there's nobody dead, and nobody married, but they do say that Little Dorinn is going to be married to young Owen Carroll."

"It's a lie," exclaimed Maurice, "an infamous lie, no matter who says it, and I wonder you wouldn't be afraid to repeat it to me. If it was a young man said it to me I'd throw him over the waterfall as soon as I would a mad dog. But I beg your pardon, Matty,—I know it's only your fun."

Well, sure you've a good conceit of

yourself, my boy," said Matty, drily, "to expect a pretty girl like Little Dorinn to be true to you after the way you treated her."

"Conceit of myself? No!" said Maurice, "but of her —. No matter who's false, she's true as the sun; and I'd never believe anything else—not if I seemed to see it with my eyes; I'd know it was witchcraft."

"You're right there anyhow," said Matty. "Owen Carroll, and many another boy would be glad to keep company with her, but she won't as much as look at one of them."

"Did my mother get her and old Paddy to go and live with her?" asked Maurice.

"No. The mistress tried hard to make her, but she wouldn't go. She said it wasn't that she doubted you; she'd doubt herself sooner; but she wasn't going to your house till you yourself took her there. Every day, however, since you went away, be it fair or foul, she goes to see your mother, and indeed the poor mistress says she is the only comfort she has now."

"God bless her, the darling!" said Maurice softly. "And how is my mother? Is she as strong and hearty as ever?"

"Well, she was always a healthy, active woman, you know, but there's no denying your going away shook her a deal. Her hair has got very grey, and her temper's not what it was; but she goes about her business just as she always did, and tries to keep her spirit up. She's always looking out for you, and says there's no knowing what day you may come home."

"And Little Dorinn — what does she say?"

"Well, she says nothing. She never mentions your name, and if any one speaks of you in her hearing, she seems to take no notice. I think she's prettier than ever, only she's grown so quiet. The queerest thing is, she's given up singing; she that used to sing as sweet and as gay as a lark; and old Paddy tells me that if he asks her to sing, she just turns away her head to hide her tears."

"My poor darling!" said Maurice. "How hard and cruel I must have seemed to her and to my mother. Do they know I'm with the Fenians?"

"They suspect it, like every one round about us, though of course they never speak of it; but I've a notion they're glad to think it was loyalty to the green flag kept you away from them, and nothing else. Mr. Frank Wingfield was sure from the very first that you had gone to join them, and he was hot on finding you and making you come home. He cross-questioned me about what I knew of the Fenians, and of that Fenian organizer that was at Mahony's, and called himself Johnson; but sure I knew nothing, and I wouldn't have told him anything if I did; then he set the police to work, and he went up to Dublin, and employed the detectives there, but all he could do came to nothing, as I knew it would, and he could get no intelligence about you. However, he's been keen on hunting out Fenianism and putting it down ever since, and he has made the police here so watchful that not a Fenian has dared to come among the people since him they called Johnson went away."

"Yes, I heard that," said Maurice, and his brow darkened, and he looked down in gloomy silence.

"You're an officer now, I suppose," said Matty.

"Yes," said Maurice, "or at least I will be when the different regiments and battalions are formed. The committee got all the money I had in the bank, and I have a commission and some Fenian bonds instead."

"And what are you doing down here now, if a body may ask?" inquired Matty.

"I'm with a party of picked men that have volunteered to come down and try what can be done among the Wicklow boys. There's fifty of us in the glen, under a Colonel from the States—Colonel McGarvey and Captain McCann—he that was staying at Mahony's. The plan is to hide among the glens and

mountains where there's good shelter, one after the other, and some of us are to go out every night secretly, and see what we can do towards raising the boys all round. But to tell you the truth we haven't done much since we came."

"No, nor you won't, either," said Matty.

"It isn't that they're false to the good cause; far from it; and they'd be more than willing to strike a good stroke for it, if they thought there was the smallest hope of success; but the fact is, they don't believe the Fenians are going to free Ireland; not this time, anyway."

"I don't think they're far wrong there," said Maurice fiercely. "The truth is, I've learned things I never bargained for in these last nine months. I've learned that a man may call himself a patriot and be the meanest scoundrel on earth; I've learned that scarcely any one among the Fenian leaders really care for anything but their own selfish purposes, and those few who have some love for Ireland, and some desire to see her a nation once more, have no scruple in using the lowest and basest means to further their purpose. They're not a bit like the men of ninety-eight, Matty. They're a poor, greedy, contemptible set, and I'm sorry I ever joined them."

"Aye, aye!" said Matty—"Musha, do you tell me so? Well, I've heard things myself that seemed queer to me—quarrels about money, and about who was to manage the funds, and one calling robber, and the other swindler. But, sure, that's a bad lookout for the poor fellows that have joined them."

"Bad enough!" said Maurice, "and some of us know it."

"And what do you mean to do yourself?" asked Matty.

"Stick to my oath, I suppose, and stand by them as long as I can. But now, Matty, you were always a wise old chap. What's your opinion about an oath? Sure I'm not obliged to keep it in any other way than that

in which I honestly understood it at the time of taking it?"

"Not to my notion," said Matty. "A woman makes a vow to obey her husband, but if he was to order her to rob her father or poison her mother, I suppose it wouldn't be her duty to do it."

"That's just it, Matty," said Maurice, greatly encouraged by this homely, but as it seemed to him apt, illustration. "I swore to keep the secrets of the Brotherhood, and to obey the orders of my officers, but I never thought their secrets would be those of murderers, and their orders would make me the accomplice of assassins. Oath or no oath, I won't see cold-blooded murder done without trying to stop it—no, not on any one—much less on an old friend and comrade—for I may call him that—like Mr. Frank Wingfield."

"God save us! and who's going to murder Mr. Frank?" asked Matty.

"The officers commanding the detachment down here—McGarvey and McCann, say that nothing can be done in this county till Mr. Frank is put out of the way. They declare he is the greatest enemy the Fenian cause has ever encountered, debasing the people and extinguishing their patriotism, and that he must be taken off the walk before any thing can be done; and he's to be shot on the very first opportunity."

"Oh, faix, that's too bad," said Matty, more warmly than he usually spoke. "Mr. Frank's a fine young man, and though of course he can't have a true Irishman's heart, and doesn't feel the English yoke like a real Irishman, and may be hasn't a very good title to the land he calls his own, if every one had their rights, he's the best landlord I ever saw or heard tell of in all my travels, and gives his men honest wages, and decent houses to live in too. Oh, bedad, I'd be sorry to see Mr. Frank taken off that way. And sure his young wife's a jewel, so she is, and a true friend to the poor. Did you know e was married?"

"No—is he?" said Maurice, and his thoughts flew back to that night ages ago—when he had been congratulated by Frank on his approaching marriage to Little Dorinn; and while he pressed his hand on his waistcoat pocket, in which the little straw ring which he had fitted on Little Dorinn's finger lay, his heart thrilled at the thought that in a very few days he should put on that same slender and shapely, though brown finger, the magic circlet of gold which was to make her his own for ever.

"Aye is he; three or four months ago, to that sweet pretty young lady that used to be at the lame captain's, and a handsome, happy couple they make, and as good as they are handsome. Oh, faix, it would be a cruel pity to hurt Mr. Frank, and I don't see how it would help the cause either, for if anything of that sort was to be done to a man so thought about as he is, the county would be put under martial law at once; and then where would the Fenians be? No better than when he was alive anyway."

"Matty," said Maurice, "I've thought it all out, and as if my salvation in this world and the next depended on my coming to a right decision—as may be it does. No matter whether it was to be good for the cause or not, I can't see him murdered without trying to save him. He's in Dublin now, but men are to be chosen by lot to-night to watch for his coming home, and to make sure work with him the first chance they can find or make. Now, Matty, will you let him know what's in store for him? Go at once to Dunran and make some excuse for asking to see his wife; tell her that a friend of Mr. Frank's—of course you won't say who—sent you word that his life was in danger; that there are men sworn to lie in waiting for him night and day till they get their opportunity; tell her that he can't be too cautious of every stranger, or too vigilant in guarding against his enemies. Let her know that this is not a mere idle threat to excite terror, but a deadly scheme of re-

venge which it will require the utmost precaution and watchfulness to frustrate. Of course you will be careful not to let her know from whom you got the information, and to give her no cause to suspect that there are any Fenians down here. I'm not going to betray them whatever I do, and I know you wouldn't either."

"No, faix, I never betrayed any man yet, much less them that's out for the cause. But I'll do your bidding, Maurice, with a free will, and Mr. Frank shall have warning just as you say."

"It was just God's providence that sent you to me to-day," said Maurice. "I was mad enough to throw myself over the waterfall when I thought I'd have no chance of sending him a warning. I believe if I hadn't met you I'd have thrown up everything, and gone to put him on his guard myself, even if all Ireland, when Ireland comes to be free, execrated my memory as a traitor black as McMurrough."

"Well, I'm just of your way of thinking, Maurice. I've always helped the good cause in all honest ways in my power, but as for shooting down men in cold blood, I say it is a sin and a shame, and no cause can make it right. And indeed, as I said before, I'd be cruel sorry if anything happened to Mr. Frank. But what about the mistress and Little Dorinn? Don't you mean to go see them, and you so near?"

"I cannot tell. Perhaps I will—perhaps not. But you mustn't say anything to them about having seen me."

"Oh, not a word will I say. Why would I be disturbing their minds, poor things, more than they are disturbed already."

"And you'll go at once to Dunran, and see Mrs. Wingfield?"

"I'll be there as soon as ever the family are up."

"That's right. You've made my heart something lighter than it was an hour ago. But what good luck brought you here so early in the morning?"

Before Matty could answer, a shrill, wild, unearthly cry, like the Irish "keene," but even sharper, shriller, more long-drawn and more intensely tragical in tone, or seeming so from the peculiar loneliness of the spot and the mysterious twilight hour, pierced the air, echoing and re-echoing through the rocks before it died away.

"Is that the Banshee of the Glen?" asked Maurice.

"What else can it be," said Matty; "but sure I never heard it sound so awful before."

"I heard it twice before through the night, and that's the third time; I think it must be meant for me," said Maurice.

As he spoke two men dressed in a uniform like his, except that theirs was somewhat more elaborately trimmed with braid, climbed the narrow pass out of the glen, which Maurice had scaled a little while before, and on seeing him and Matty, came hastily towards them.

"What is it?" both exclaimed together; "what is that frightful cry?"

"If ever a cry from a spirit in pain reached earth, that's one," said McCann.

"Did you ever hear it before to-night, Byrne?"

"No, never," said Maurice; "but I know many who have, and among the rest, this man here."

In their fright and hurry the two Fenian officers had scarcely noticed Matty, but they now turned and looked at him inquiringly, as he rose and promptly gave a very good imitation of a military salute.

"You have heard this cry before," said McGarvey. "What is it makes it? Is it a bird, or a beast, or what is it?"

"Neither bird, nor beast, as I believe," said old Matty; "but sure if the gentlemen don't know the story about it, it's easy telling it."

"Well, what's the story? Some old wife's fable, I suppose," said McGarvey, whose Yankee notions had somewhat blunted his

Irish susceptibility to superstition ; "but tell it to us at any rate."

"It happened in the rising of ninety-eight," said Matty, "when our poor boys had been worsted, and some of them were hiding here in this very glen, that a young woman, poor thing, whose husband was among them, got in to see him ; and while she was there the Yeomen and the Fencibles came, and they shot or cut down every man they could lay hold of, and among the rest this poor girl's husband. They say the soldiers ran their swords through him at her very feet, and flung his body over the rocks into the river below. As she saw the cruel deed she gave one wild screech—such a screech as made the blood of the bravest man there turn cold, and dashed herself, and a poor little baby she carried in her arms, down after him. The river was in flood then, and fuller than it was ever known to be before or since, and all their three bodies were swept into a deep pool, and never seen again, and there I suppose their bones lie to this day, without a prayer or a blessing, or the rites of the Church said over them. Since then her spirit, it is said, haunts the place, and at certain times screeches just as you heard it now. Sometimes the cry is silent for years, and then again at other times it's heard day and night ; and faix no one in the country likes to hear it ; they think it's a sign that some misfortune is close at hand."

"Oh, that's all nonsense !" said McGarvey.

"Well, indeed, maybe it is," said Matty, in his easy way, "but I'm sure there never was man nor woman heard it without a strange creeping at the heart. And, moreover, there's many queer things that's neither flesh nor blood in that glen. Especially, it's haunted by a Phooka, and for that reason it's known as the Phooka's Glen. Sure, I knew a man that was passing through it late one night, coming home from a wake, and a beast, that seemed to him in

that uncertain light like a big bull-calf, rose up under him, as it were, and carried him off on its back, galloping up and down through the glen, through the river, over the rocks, and among the trees, like a racer ; and at first the poor fellow—Tim Doolan was his name, and his son's alive to tell you the same story to-day—was frightened almost out of his life. He felt his hair standing stiff and straight, like bristles on his head, and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth ; but he was always a wild divil, and after a while he plucked up his courage and began shouting and cheering at every bound the beast made, as if it was a steeple-chase ; and the louder and bolder he shouted and hurraed the faster the thing went, and the bigger jumps it took ; for you see what it wanted was to throw him, and if it could have done that before the cocks crew in the morning, that would have been the last of Tim Doolan, for it would have torn him limb from limb ; but Tim was a cute fellow, and knew that, and he stuck on to the creature like grim death, till at last, just as the day was dawning and the cocks crowing, it took the most tremendous jump across the river, from one big rock to another, and sure I often saw where the rock broke away from under its feet, and was all cracked and splintered as if by fire. Well, when he saw where the creature was going, Tim fairly shivered, for he thought he was a lost man ; but as soon as he found they were clear across, safe and sound, and he still on its back, his spirit grew big, and he gave the wildest yell ever he gave in his life ! 'Holy Moses,' shouted he, 'Isn't that a big leap for a calf ?' And with that the appearance seemed to vanish from under him, and he knew nothing more till he found himself lying on a mossy bit of bank on the other side of the cracked stone, and saw the sun shining bright above his head, and everything about him as beautiful as a picture, and almost as quiet as one, if it hadn't been for the noise of the river.

Often and often I've heard Tim tell of the wild ride he had on the Phooka's back ; for you see that was what the creature was."

"Well, I should calculate the man was drunk, and had a bad dream," said Colonel McGarvey.

"In troth and his enemies said that same," said Matty. "But it is my belief that everything happened to him just as he said. I believe in spirits of light and spirits of darkness, in ghosts and witches, in phookas and fairies, and all the things my forefathers believed in, in the ould ancient days. I'm a true Irishman, and hold to the ould creed and the ould traditions."

"Oh, we don't make much account of such things in America," said the Colonel. "But who are you, my man?" he continued ; "are you a tinker?"

"No, sir, not I, though many a one mistakes me for one. I'm just a handy old man, knowing about horses and cattle, and good at catching vermin. And I'm true and faithful to the Green. Mr. Byrne will tell you that."

"And what brought you here at this early hour? Did you expect to meet Mr. Byrne?"

"Well indeed I didn't; nothing could have been farther from my thoughts. I was inquiring after an old comrade that is very bad, and not expected by the doctor, and I stayed all night to help his poor woman to watch him. I'm on my way now to fetch him some herb-medicine, that I make from a receipt I have, and that's often cured them that the doctors have given over. But I'm not as young as I have been, and it's weary travelling through the bogs, and so I sat down to rest for a bit ; and just as I did who should I see but Mr. Byrne, and troth I couldn't have been more surprised if I had seen my poor woman, that's dead and gone these fifteen years, standing before me. Isn't that the truth, sir?" he added, appealing to Maurice.

"Yes," said Maurice. "I saw him as I

came up the pass to see that all was safe there ; and as I've known him all my life to be a true Irishman, as he says, I thought we might find him serviceable ; for he knows every one, rich and poor."

"The Captain there might bear witness to the same," said Matty. "I'm sure he'll remember giving me some fine Irish ballads and histories at the fair of Kilcool."

"Yes, I believe I did," said McCann.

"Sure enough you did ; and by the same token it was me sent you word when the police was going to come down on you at Miles Mahony's. And, sure, here's the pledge I sent." And he pulled out an old pocket-book, from which he took a bit of green ribbon, fastened in a peculiar knot, with the letters "I. R." (the initials of Irish Republic), and the date 1848 worked on it in white silk. "I got that same badge," continued Matty, "from as good a patriot as ever stood in shoe-leather—John Mitchell by name. I had the luck to do him a little service, much the same as I done to the Captain, and he gave it to me with the bit of written paper folded in it, saying that the bearer was a true friend to his country ; and so I am."

"He's just the man we want," said McCann.

"Yes, I guess he'll do," said McGarvey. "What's your name, my man?" he asked, turning to Matty.

"Well, your honour, the people all about here give me the name of Matty the Mouse, by reason of a trick I have for beguiling the rats and mice ; but my name is Matthew Flynn."

"Well, Flynn, as you carry a badge of the Irish Republic, I suppose you'll be willing to do her a piece of service?"

"It is proud I am to be employed !" said Matty, making at the same time the mental condition—"if I like the work you're going to set me."

"You know Mr. Frank Wingfield, of Dunran, don't you?" asked McGarvey.

"Faix, there isn't a man, woman, or child in all Leinster that doesn't know Mr. Frank Wingfield," said Matty.

"Well, I understand he's not at home at present, but I want you to find out the exact day and hour he's expected back, and every particular you can gather about his movements, and bring me the information as soon as you can."

"Well, sir," said Matty, "I'll do your bidding to the best of my ability; but how am I to see you when I come?"

"I will give you the password," said McGarvey. "'The Green above the Red.' That'll get you safe through the sentries, and then you'll soon find out where I am.

Remember, too, that you must make your inquiries with the utmost caution, lest your motive should be suspected."

"Oh, devil a fear of me," said Matty. "I'm as cute as a fox, and as wide awake as a weasel; and Mr. Byrne knows well I'm a man to be trusted." And he turned his small eyes twinkling under the pent-house of his shaggy brows on Maurice with a quick glance of meaning.

Then rising, he replaced his budget and girdle of traps, and, taking up his staff, saluted in military fashion, and set off at a quick pace, eager, as it seemed, to execute his commission.

(To be continued.)

A LIFE VOYAGE.

WE dropt down low by the harbour-islet
That thrust its forehead against the bar,
For we would voyage, with youth our Pilot,
Thro' divers seas, to the lands afar.
And those to whom we were near and dear
Were watching tearfully;
But we sighed no sigh and we shed no tear,
Too merry of heart were we.

There was one who stood at the prow, all stately,
With king-like robes, of an unknown web;
Whereat in the heart we marvelled greatly,
With strange thoughts ever at flow and ebb.
Thro' the rich veil drawn down over them,
His features shone like flame,
And on his head was a diadem,
But none knew whence he came.

Our ship was all of the goodly cedar,
Our sails were rich as his raiment was,
And he himself of us all was leader,
Beneath the banner that bare the Cross.
And ever we followed him fearlessly
Wherever he bade us steer,
And calmest ever he seemed to be
When there was most to fear.

Through airs made sweet with a thousand spices,
Through seas as still as a babe asleep,
We merrily sailed by the Paradises
That lie afar on the summer deep ;
And rich fruit bent from the boughs alway,
And fair were the flowered leas ;
And oh ! the marvellous things that lay
Under the waveless seas.

We might not tarry—we might not linger ;
From out of the south the fair wind blew :
Our Captain lifted a warning finger,
And steadily nor'ward on we flew.
And threescore nights and threescore days
Over the deep we sailed,
Till the stars were like wild things agaze,
And shrilly the north wind wailed.

The great waves leaped like hungry lions,
Around and under us lay the shark,
We flung in their teeth a full defiance,
And strove thro' the horrors of the dark.
And wonderful things came drifting by,
And strange glows pierced the night,
And great bergs gleamed unutterably,
Beneath the leaping light.

In blind amaze we gathered together,
About our Captain gathered we,
And his voice broke out thro' the stormy weather
As thunder breaks on the wild midsea :
" Ye have followed me well thro' many days,
And shall we part to-day ? "
Oh ! brave were we—yet a moment's space
We shuddered and shrank away !

The veil that lay on his face he lifted,
And lo ! no beauty and grace was there,
But a fleshless whiteness, seamed and rifted
By the empty cells where the senses were.
And again the deep strong voice broke out,
" And shall we part to-day ? "
Our love was more than awe or doubt,
And none could say him nay.

A glorious light broke round and under,
 A strange still beauty upon him grew,
 And aloud he cried, as we gazed in wonder,
 " 'Tis well, right well, my mariners true :
 Death, the slayer of light and love,
 Is what ye men call me,
 But another name have I above,
 It is ' Immortality ! ' "

PORT HOPE.

PARADISE IN THE PACIFIC.

SUCH is the title of a pleasant little book by Mr. W. R. Bliss, on the Sandwich Islands,* which might perhaps with more accuracy be styled *Paradise not* in the Pacific, so completely does it dispel our illusions, if not respecting the Islands, at least respecting the Islanders.

Physically, the Islands correspond to the programme, as we perceive on nearing their shores. " By noon the island was under our lee, when we ran along its eastern shore near enough to discover a wild and grotesque landscape. From coral and volcanic crags, as white as cream, into which the sea had drilled great fissures, hills, coloured and ridged by volcanic scars, sloped up into peaks above the clouds. Between the sharp folds of these hills, green valleys came down, opening upon the ocean, where smooth beaches broke the surf. Turning the south-eastern point of the island and steering westward, we discovered groves of cocoa-nut palms, fringing a white shore, and deeper and greener valleys ; then a long coral reef, breaking the swell of the ocean ; behind it a quiet harbour with ships ; beyond that a broad plain backed by mountains, and

covered by trees, above whose green foliage arise the flagstaffs and spires of Honolulu."

" I am housed in an upper corner of the Government Hotel. The doors of my room open upon spacious verandas above the tree-tops. I can look north upon valleys and mountains, and east upon the sea, where the line of the shore is marked by cocoa-nut palms and by the bold promontory called Diamond Head. At noon the thermometer marks 80 degrees in the veranda. Here I lounge, while a breeze comes down the valley gorges and blows upon me, then runs out over the surf, and wrinkles the sea for miles away. I watch the trade-wind clouds playing with shadows on the hills all day : now dashing down sudden showers on the green slopes, then filling the valleys with rainbows. Over all is a blue summer sky. And this is the month of January, in which I am picking strawberries and roses, in defiance of all the established facts of an orthodox life. The streets of the city are hard with coral and lava, and are shaded by trees transplanted from various parts of the tropical world. There are pines from Norfolk Island ; the papaia, kamani, and bread-fruit trees from Tahiti ; the tamarind, mango, and monkey-pod from India ; the algaroba from Mexico ; the rubber tree from South America ; the china-rose tree, whose crimson flowers are in bloom all

* *Paradise in the Pacific; a Book of Travel, Adventure and Facts in the Sandwich Islands.* By William R. Bliss. New York: Sheldon & Co.

the year round. There are peach trees rosy with blossoms on one side, and ripening fruit on the other; the oleander, banana, guava, orange, citron; the koa, as hard as mahogany, on which leaves of different form grow out of the same stem, and out of each other. Under the shade of this evergreen foliage are pleasant cottages, built of coral blocks or of wood, surrounded by verandas and flowering vines. The doors are always open; the welcome is always hearty. Water from mountain springs flows through the cottages, stopping in baths, escaping in fountains, fertilizing the grass and flowers everywhere. Ice is made to order, and wines are offered from all the vineyards of the world."

The ice made to order, the Government Hotel, and the Sabbath ushered in by the bells of Papist and Protestant churches, spoken of in the same chapter, at once put to flight the notion of a community of Pauls and Virginias, or virtuous savages in Rousseau's state of nature. Nor do we suppose that any curiosity about the arrival of mails would be felt in the Rousseauist world of bliss. Honolulu is a petty place of trade, with twenty-five hundred whites, many of them Yankees, and exporting a list of commodities concluding with pea-nuts. Still, there seems to be a lotus-eating air over the place and its denizens. When the occupation of talking about the mail flags, "a soft listlessness comes over the town. Carriages carrying ladies and children roll leisurely up the valley road on afternoons, or creep across the plain to the sea beach, returning to hospitable gatherings in the evening. There is no hurry, and no dyspeptic care. All the days are so much alike that it is difficult to take a note of time even by its loss."

The Hawaiian monarchy, on which we next have a chapter, is what the Yankees would call a decidedly one-horse monarchy. The Charlemagne of the dynasty, it appears, was Kamehameha I., a highly polygamous chief,

and the father of his subjects in even a greater degree than Charles II. This great sovereign was the leading acrobat of Polynesia, and even in advanced age could catch flying spears and knives more dexterously than any other man, so that he would have been in some peril of abduction had Barnum visited Honolulu in those days. The friends of Woman's Rights will hear with satisfaction that the widows of kings claim and have sometimes asserted royal rights. Kahu-manu, one of the widows of Kamehameha II., literally filled the throne, "being a woman of very large size and very little clothing; wearing only a fan and a short skirt, if the pictures of her are authentic." The queen dowager Katama seems also to have been an important personage, though she squatted on a mat, ate with her fingers, and, like Kahumanu, had a limited wardrobe. Kamehameha V., on his accession, made a quiet *coup d'état*. The American missionaries had persuaded his predecessor, Kamehameha III., to give the people a constitution with universal suffrage. But Kamehameha V. remarked in a speech from the throne, that "if universal suffrage was permitted the government would soon lose its monarchical character," and he accordingly substituted a safer arrangement. Queen Emma was the widow of King Kamehameha IV., and granddaughter of John Young, a British seaman, who had landed "in search of freedom" in 1790, and being a man of ability had succeeded in "running" the head of the dynasty in that day. Though a Christian and crinolined, it was remarked in England that when she was staying in country-houses she had a singular tendency to make her way to the pond.

The American missionaries and merchants are credited by their compatriot with much beneficence and skill in civilizing the natives and maintaining harmony between them and the whites. But it seems to be only another case of the *saltus mortalitatis* between bar-

barism and advanced civilization. The race is dying out. In 1823 the population was 142,000; in 1872 it was 57,000; and the excess of deaths over births in 1871 was 1,175. Marriages between the natives are not prolific, offspring are regarded as a calamity, settlements are vanishing, cottages are vacated and destroyed, parts of the country, once populous, are silent and desolate. Commercial prospects are not good. The "Pacific highway," according to Mr. Bliss, is a fable. The Paradise of the Pacific seems likely to become the heritage of Chinese labourers, with a few Yankee employers.

The missionaries, in spite of the schisms between the churches, and the almost inevitable tendency to intrigue, seem to have played their part well. But when missionaries have succeeded in civilizing savages, as in the case of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, they have been unaccompanied by settlers bringing the greed of gain and the vices of a whiskey-and-revolver civilization. Among the Hawaiians Christianity has not extirpated heathen superstitions, especially a dark belief in sorcery, nor has it been able to contend against the profligacy, stimulated no doubt by the presence of the whites, which appears to be the chief among the physical sources of decay—more fatal than even drink.

In character and habits the people are what might have been expected—a feeble mixture of the listlessness of the savage with the lower tastes of the European. They have ceased to be hardy without becoming careful, and are consequently decimated by consumption. Opium and spirituous liquors have, of course, found their way into the Islands in spite of all prohibitory laws, and are doing their usual work. Twenty thousand empty bottles go back every month to California. The character of the race has evidently been formed by a mild climate and easy subsistence; and it presents the natural contrast to the character of races

formed by a struggle with a rigorous climate and a niggard soil. Energy, courage and self-reliance are totally wanting in the Hawaiians. Even in music they fail; and in their church choirs, if they have not an organ or leader to support them, begin with apparent vigour, but soon break down. They can do nothing, in short, but swim. They have fine dark hair and eyes, but are without any of the beauty which depends upon individuality or expression.

A horrible feature of the country is a lepers' village on a small island by itself; and the most horrible thing connected with this village is that, as we are told, the food supplied to the lepers being better than what the other natives can obtain, people sometimes make themselves lepers for the sake of sharing it. If this be the fact, all is over with the native race.

Mr. Bliss gives us a description, extending through fifty pages of his little volume, of a political election and a meeting of the Parliament. The whole thing is a melancholy absurdity—melancholy not only by reason of its practical nullity, but because these ghastly antics are played round the death-bed of an interesting race. The chief question, as might be supposed, is taxation especially the dog-tax. Keeping dogs seems to be as dominant a passion in Honolulu, as we have every night the pleasure of being made aware it is in Toronto. As cats are also kept in large numbers, a serenade is never wanting. "It is now," says Mr. Bliss, vividly recalling, by his use of the present tense, the delightful sensations of the past—"it is now impossible for me to sleep. I step out upon the veranda for a relief to my confused senses. The full-faced moon is shining upon the tree-tops and lighting the mountains and the sea; while the midnight air is filled by a universal chorus of cats, dogs and roosters, which excels all the paradoxical harmonies of a Boston jubilee." The law of nuisances, let us say in passing, is not in a very rational

state. You can indict a man for creating a stench, but you cannot indict a man for keeping a useless dog, which deprives you of your sleep, and thereby prevents your doing your work next day. The dogs of Honolulu, Mr. Bliss tells us, are exempt from hydrophobia. But other dogs are not; and Dr. Arnold, who was not nervous or exaggerative, having witnessed a death from hydrophobia, said that it would be better that the whole race of dogs should be exterminated, than that such awful agony should ever be suffered again by a single human being. We may add, that the dear pets whose cause is being pathetically pleaded against the cruel interference of our city authorities, are for the most part curs whose genesis would puzzle Darwin, so that hydrophobia from their bite would be a death of ignominy as well as torture.

The Islands are all mountainous and of volcanic origin. Mr. Bliss gives us an ascent of the great volcanic mountain Mauna Loa, from which, and from another crater which he was in the habit of ascending, the view was very fine. "Turning about now on the summit, we have before us a commanding view of Honolulu, six miles away. It is a beautiful panorama; and the refreshing breeze which is always crossing this summit makes us tarry long to enjoy it. We can see the towers and steeples of the town rising above the embowering trees. We can see the skeleton masts of its shipping, and the long, curving lines of surf breaking on the harbour reefs, and that broad, blue expanse of ocean on which it is never tiresome to gaze. We can see the volcanic mountains that rise behind the town, and the plains stretching beyond it, and, more conspicuous than all, those two solemn craters for ever looking down upon it, carrying our imagination back to that primæval night when these islands arose from the ocean, smoking with volcanic fires."

"A solitary city, on a solitary island, in a solitary ocean,"—such is the phrase by

which Mr. Bliss paints Honolulu; and evidently the feeling which the phrase expresses, combines with the climate and the absence, comparatively speaking, of active industry, to form the characters and habits of the white as well as the native population.

"If the white people of Honolulu met only when they had something to say, there could be no social life here. Conversational themes are not abundant. There are no politics, tariffs, stocks, crops, operas, nor public sensations. Even fashions and the weather present little variety as talkable topics. The resident soon becomes indifferent to those events and opinions which interest the mind of larger and more active communities, of which reports drift over from the continent once a month; and little is to be found for the mind to feed upon, except gossip and good stories. In the course of these indolent days, every beau and belle, every matron and maid, has been measured, weighed, appraised, and set in place in the social circle. There they remain, the same to each other every day; promising, like some established medicines, to be good for all time." "Mental life here is not healthy. The mind dozes under the indolent influences of this tropical climate. If it is aroused, it grates like the rusty hinges of a door which has long stood open to the sunshine and the showers. There is no scope for active thought in this isolated existence, and no encouragement for its exercise. For this reason, some who have prospered here in worldly affairs have taken their wealth and migrated to a more progressive society, where, as 'iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.'" A devoted Hawaiian might perhaps say that the last words betrayed a rather Yankee idea of mental healthiness.

It seems that even a short residence suffices to steep the mind in the luxurious languors of the place, for the style of Mr. Bliss in his descriptions is perceptibly tinctured with the lotus:

"There is a charm about Honolulu which it is difficult to describe. It lies in these delightful days. During weeks in succession every day is like the other,—the same agreeable temperature, the same refreshing breeze, the same perpetual sunshine, the same evergreen verdure. They are days that leave no mark of the passage of time. They make an extra summer in our lives.

"We occupy ourselves with lounging. We lounge in easy-chairs on the verandas, interested in a book, interested in the landscape before us, which stretches away in great variety up to the distant mountain-peaks. We lounge in the shops. We lounge into a friend's cottage without ceremony. We lounge in our carriage, with a luncheon, far away into the green valleys, at noon, or over the plains and along the sea-beach, at the close of day. We lounge under the starlight, noting the ascent of Orion, and looking every evening for the higher rising of the Ursa Major above the northern mountains, reminding us that the time approaches when we must return to the north.

"Every day we ride into the country. I have already mentioned the ride west of the city, toward Halawa, and north toward the Pali. Two roads lead from the eastern end of the city,—one, branching to the right, ends on the sea-beach at Waikiki; the other, to the left, passes the school of Punahou, and climbs up into the Manoa Valley, where it is lost in the grass of fenceless fields. From these a rougher road pushes farther east, over barren hills, where volcanic ruins are strewn in grotesque confusion, and reaches the ocean near Koko Head, some twelve miles from the city. All these roads command pleasing views of land and sea.

"To the Manoa is an attractive ride. Here, hitching our horse, we can roam on foot through banana-orchards in search of fruit, and call at dairies for a drink of fresh milk. Coming out of the valley, the hills by the roadside are high, rounded like billows, and smooth with turf whose green hue is varied by patches of blue and red volcanic gravel; while the landscape opens before us enchanting views of the plain below, and of the city and sea beyond it.

"The favourite ride is to Waikiki. This is the name of a hamlet of plain cottages, stretching along the seashore, in the edge of a grove of cocoanut-palms, whither the white people of Honolulu go to revel in bathing-clothes, mosquitoes, and solitude, at odd times of the year. It is not a gay watering-place. Its local excitements are caused by the activity of the insect tribes, and the occasional fall of a cocoanut. But to the wearied dweller in Honolulu, to whose year there comes no variety of seasons, fashions or faces, Waikiki is 'somewhere to go.' Here he celebrates his birthday by a picnic with his friends. Here, when school does not keep, he brings his children for a romp and

a bath, and a hunt for shells along the shore; and here he sometimes comes alone to enjoy nature and the natives.

"It is a ride of three or four miles to Waikiki. Leaving the city on the eastern side, by King Street, we pass the great coral meeting-house, built by native labour so long ago that it is now much too large for its uses. Near by is a neighbourhood whose broad street, white houses, stone walls, swinging gates, and old shade trees, remind me of a New-England village. These large, arching algarobas are sufficiently suggestive of elms to complete the delusion. Here was the first missionary settlement in Honolulu: hence its pleasant New-England complexion.

"Now we enter upon a hard, level road, where we can try the speed of our horse. On the right we passed the handsomest tree on the island,—a huge mamani, or tamani tree, called, also, the umbrella-tree, a native of Tahiti, extending its shade over half an acre. At this season its large, isolated leaves are both scarlet and green. Beyond, over a grassy flat, we see the ocean, and an American whale-ship, her main-topsail aback, waiting for a pilot. On the left are pleasant cottages, and the plains of Kulaokahua, from which rise the volcanic hills and mountains, in whose variety of form and colour we always find something to admire.

"After a brisk trot of ten minutes, we turn to the right, direct for the shore, and, wheeling around the corner, encounter a native woman astraddle of a strong-minded pony, not disposed to go her way. Out of her gibberish we catch the word *pilikia*, which tells us that she is in 'a peck of troubles.' We can give her only our sympathy, and the pony a cut of our whip, which starts him spinning towards Honolulu.

"Hereabouts is a neighbourhood of white cottages, within white fences, inhabited by white people, pleasantly shaded by trees. The crimson flowers of the China hibiscus, the reddening leaves of the mango, and the brown laments of the tamarind, make attractive contrasts to the green foliage. The road, now crossing a stretch of level fields, is occupied by pigs of every colour, except white, apparently going, like ourselves, to Waikiki. They swing their straight tasseled tails with so much energy as to worry our horse, who never saw such pigs at his own home in California. Fit companions to them are their owners,—natives, on whose civilization the era of trowsers has not yet dawned. After the pigs we come to the king's poi-factory, where poi is ground out by the quantity for the subjects of his majesty to lick from their fingers as they squat around musty calabashes at their social dinner-parties.

"Near by, under the cocoanut-trees, is the king's brown cottage. The royal standard is flying from a flag-staff on the lawn, reflecting its red, white, and blue stripes in the large silvered globe, emblematic of dominion, perched

on a tripod below it. In the veranda sits his majesty, alone; while a little way off, before him, a dozen native women, chattering, in calico gowns, lie on their bellies in waiting.

"What strange things these cocoanut-trees are! casting their shadows far away, never showing any signs of growth, always standing in silence,—the same long, crooked, wrinkled, cylindrical stems, crowned with plummy tufts. They lean and curve, and point upward from every direction. When riding toward them at sunset, the gray trunks invisible in the dimness, their plummy tops have appeared to me as clouds in the evening sky. Under these trees are a few grass huts and wooden shanties, occupied by natives; and under them, also, straggles the line of unpainted cottages, which is Waikiki.

"The architecture of these cottages is of the sudden, spasmodic style, indicating daily diversities of mind in the same individual. They stand so near to the shore, that the front door is necessarily on the back-side, which our carriage must approach by a wandering by-road. From the southern verandas extends a long, broad porch, made of reeds woven upon a frame, which shuts out the glare thrown up by the sun from the sea; but it cannot shut out the mosquitoes that come with the gloaming, whose visits are the sharpest ills of life.

"Here is indolence all around us. It is exemplified by those native men and women, lounging in scanty raiments on the grass, playing cards, and talking idle tattle all day long. What specimens of human grossness and laziness! Even a silver coin is slow to induce a native boy to climb a cocoanut-tree and throw down some nuts for us.

"The sand on this shore is lava, coral, and shells, pulverized by the sea, and bleached by the sun. Wild vines, bearing flowers, are running over it as if it were a garden soil. A mile away, on our left, where the shore curves toward the south, rise the sterile sides of Diamond Head,—the stump of an ancient volcano, whose southern slope is seven hundred feet high where it juts into the sea. Yonder, in front of us, is a coral reef, against which the ocean is always breaking with a moan, as if it were weary of its long endeavour to destroy the barrier. Naked natives are searching in the water for shell-fish to eat; and others are paddling swift canoes, balanced by outriggers, through the surf. A company of men and women are wading toward the land, dragging a sweep of palm-leaves, in which they expect to strand a skip-jack or a mullet.

"The swell which rolls over the reef comes up gently to the edge of the shore where we are standing,—

'Kissing the sands, and whispering at our feet,
With exquisite advancement and retreat.'

"A bath in this summer sea is delightful. The water is very buoyant, clear, and pleasantly

warm, its temperature being about seventy degrees. Once in, I am reluctant to leave it. But can we not come again to-morrow?

"The scenery about Honolulu presents charming pictures to a stranger every day. It is a scenery that will bear favourable comparison with any summer scenery in other lands. Lounging in our verandas, and gazing at the panorama, we find new attractions in it daily. The great feature of the scenery is the mountain range running through the length of the island, behind the city. These mountains, throwing out spurs toward the sea, divide the lowlands into valleys, which are not depressions between summits, but are, rather, amphitheatres, rising away from the plains, where the scenery shifts daily from showers to rainbows, and then to long cascades falling down the wooded cliffs.

"From our northern verandas we can distinguish four of these green amphitheatres, whose names are Ka-li-hi, Nu-a-nu, Pow-o-a, Ma-no-a. Some of them are dotted with white cottages. Some of them are spanned by rainbows; for the higher they rise into the mountains the more frequently are they baptized with showers.

"In the season of the trade-wind, the peaks, rising far above the valleys, are softened by tender gray mists, which screen the splendour of the sun as it falls upon the slopes coloured by ferns and grasses, and by forests of bright green kukui-trees and dark green koa-trees, and by ridges of black lava and patches of red soil. Here, day after day,

'There is wide wandering for the greediest eye
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending;
Or, by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.'

"It is near the time of sunset. Let us go up into the observatory of the hotel, and take a last look at the surrounding scenery. Below us, the town is concealed from view by the embowering trees. Behind us rise the mountains; before us stretches the sea, streaked with purple and gray in the changing light. We can discern the sweep of the coast from Diamond Head in the east, to Laeloa Point in the west, where the misty outline of that mountain-spur is blending with the sky beyond it. Clouds lie on the far-off horizon, shaping themselves into quaint forms, and growing darker as the daylight begins to fade away. There is no prolonged twilight. There is a lingering flush in the sky; but day disappears almost as suddenly as in the description of the 'Ancient Mariner.'

'The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark.'

"The light is burning in the lighthouse; the masts of the ships have disappeared in the dark-

ness ; the trade-wind has subsided to a zephyr. The stillness of sleep pervades the city ; and the crooning voice of the surf bids us ' Good night ! ' "

Of the white population many are invalids from the United States. Mr. Bliss, however, tells us that the climate is by no means suitable for all classes of invalids. For convalescents needing repose it is just the right thing ; but not so for those actually suffering from consumption or bronchitis. The reason given is the occasional boisterousness of the trade-wind and the meteorological changes connected with it. One day, says Mr. Bliss, the thermometer indicated a temperature of 70 degrees at sunrise and 82 degrees at two o'clock in the afternoon, with a light trade-wind and showers of rain. At sunset the thermometer had fallen to 70 degrees. "At eight the trade-wind came in suddenly with an icy breath which made me shut the windward doors ; and the mercury sank to 58 degrees, remaining at that point until sunrise on Friday morning, the 5th, outside of the city, but standing at 62 degrees within the city. The morning wind on Friday was light, from the

south. At ten o'clock the trade-wind suddenly blew from the north-east, preceded by varying gusts and local whirls in the street. A very heavy dew fell at sunset, and in the evening the sky was illuminated by incessant sheet-lightning. A terrific thunder-storm followed, lasting until three o'clock on Saturday morning ; and in those six hours six inches of rain fell. This deluging storm, which hung directly over the city, made a sleepless night for every one in the hotel, and a night of terror to our horses in the stable, who expressed their alarm by pitiful cries at every crash of thunder. At eight o'clock on Saturday morning the thermometer indicated 78 degrees in my veranda, while the wind was as soft from the south-east as if there had never been a storm."

The islands are probably destined to be a Madeira for convalescents. Perhaps they may also afford now and then a mental asylum for spirits wearied of the land where "man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend," and willing to repose for a while in "a solitary city, on a solitary island, in a solitary sea."

A FAREWELL TO CANADIAN SUMMER.

Once more thou fliest, brief Canadian Summer,
Shortlived as all things beautiful and joyous,
Shortlived as meteors in thy own bright heaven,
That, ere two arm-locked lovers with each other
Can interchange the thrill of wonder, vanish.

The glorious bounty of Canadian harvest,
That overfills the lusty arms of labour,
The busy field at morn, the noon-day resting
Amidst the teeming sheaves, the cheery voices
Of workers wending homeward through the gloaming ;

The swift exuberance of the earth, that hastens
Richly to pay the long arrears of winter,
The orchard bursting into bridal blossom,
Anon arrayed in matron pride of fruitage,
The garden whose luxuriance mocks the dresser ;

The joys of sunny hours, the noontide lingering
In quiet circle on the cool veranda,
The evening's stroll beneath the murmuring elm trees,
Breeding sweet talk and wakening happy memories,
The sail upon the waters flushed with sunset.

The merry pic-nic in the fragrant woodland,
The camping far from care in gipsy freedom,
The Watteau groups upon the lawn at croquet,
The lithe young forms that, conscious of the glances
Of ladies, tourney at lacrosse and baseball :

All these depart with thee, Canadian Summer.
And now the Fall bedecks, in all her forests,
Thy deathbed, gorgeous as the sun's in heaven,
And faintly tinkling from the Northern icefields,
Far off are heard the sleigh-bells of the winter.

What hast thou left ? The garnered wealth of harvest !
Some hearts, perchance, joined in the summer twilight—
Some thoughts, some feelings, blended with thy memory.
So roll the seasons, so the years, the ages,
All swift and brief as thou, Canadian Summer.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

BY CYNICO.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the summer of 1869. A party of persons stood on the deck of the incoming mail-steamer that was slowly approaching the wharf. Halifax harbour was calm and still, shining resplendently under the beams of the August sun. The green banks on either hand were full of freshness

to the eyes of the travellers who, for days together, had seen nothing else than the great blue Atlantic deep stretching away to the horizon. The citadel frowned down upon the town, the Union Jack flapped against the staff ; the murmur of a shipping place was broken at intervals by the cry of a gull, the blast of a distant bugle, or the shriek of a steamboat. The picture spread

out before the new arrivals was one of peace and prosperity, on which they gazed in silence.

There were four of them. Two were military men on their way to Bermuda to join their regiment, now that their leave of absence had expired. The third was a sun-burnt Englishman, tall, fair, with bluish eyes, and an easy manner about him that betokened long intercourse with the world; prepossessing in appearance, and, in truth, a most agreeable companion. The fourth was a mere stripling of some eighteen summers, not far removed from rawness and school memories.

"We part soon, Mildmay," said the younger officer, addressing the Englishman, who was leaning against the rail. "Don't let us do it without drinking once more to every one's success."

"That is," replied Mildmay, "to your speedy promotion to a company, to Trent's majority, to Arthur's safe arrival in Montreal, and to my — what?"

"Successful prosecution of your suit."

"I am not a 'Cœlebs in search of a wife,' my dear Wilson; merely a traveller for pleasure, with as much profit as can be derived from adventure."

"As, for instance, your expeditions with Garibaldi in Italy and with Bazaine in Mexico? The profit then, if I remember right, consisted, in the vulgar phrase, of more kicks than ha'pence—more wounds than riches."

"Who fights for money? Neither you with your cynicism, nor Trent here with his chivalrous notions."

"Very well for you," exclaimed Trent, "to talk like that, Mildmay; but I know that both Wilson and myself would cut the service to-morrow if we only had a decent chance of marrying. There are no prizes for us poor devils now-a-days."

"Why don't you follow my example, then,—travel, kick about, and fight when you get an opportunity of doing so on the right side."

"As soon as we can follow your example of stepping into ten thousand a year on the death of a rich relative. Till then we may grumble, but we must serve."

"How long do you mean to stay in Halifax?" asked Wilson.

"A week or two; then Arthur and I go on to Montreal."

"Via the St. Lawrence?"

"I suppose so, as it is the most picturesque route."

"And you won't fail to come to Bermuda for the winter?"

"Certainly not."

"That is," broke in Arthur Mitchell, "if we cannot persuade him to spend the season with us. You know, Mildmay, Montreal is awfully jolly in winter; what with the sleighing, tobogganing, and skating, we make time pass quickly."

"And your snow-shoeing. I want to learn that; I have never perfectly understood that mode of locomotion."

"It's easy enough to learn; we will take you across the Mountain and give you your fill of it."

"Take my advice, old man; don't peril yourself on those arrangements, or, if you do, put snow-gloves on. I know that when I spent the winter in Halifax last year, I tried it, and was oftener on all-fours than not. It's like trying to run on tea-trays."

Before young Mitchell could take up the cudgels in defence of his favourite winter pursuit—he was one of the crack members of the Montreal Club—the vessel had approached the wharf, and the necessity for looking after their luggage broke up the conversation.

Both Trent and Wilson managed to miss the connection with Bermuda, and were therefore compelled, much to their delight, to remain in Halifax, now in the full swing of its summer season. Though both attached to one of the regiments in garrison, neither regretted the few weeks' stay in the cooler climate of the Nova Scotian capital,

the more so that pic-nics, drives, yachting, lobster-spearings, balls and concerts, filled up their many spare hours most agreeably. With Mildmay and Arthur Mitchell they frequently met, boarding at the same hotel, and generally assembling of an evening in Mildmay's parlour for a last smoke and chat.

Mildmay himself, who had never before been in Halifax, was extremely pleased with the place. He was constantly out on the harbour, sailing a little yacht he had hired, or taking long rides and drives into the neighbouring country, finding a willing companion in Mitchell, whose admiration of everything pertaining to the Dominion of Canada knew no bounds, and who would discourse for hours at a time on the present prosperity and assured future greatness of his native land, to all of which outbursts of patriotic eloquence his English friend would listen with a good deal of inward amusement.

Their trip to Montreal revealed to him, however, some of the secret causes of this enthusiasm, for the sail up the St. Lawrence and past Quebec, as well as his excursions in the rich and fertile Province of Ontario, opened his eyes on the subject of Canada; and he unhesitatingly confessed that, like most Englishmen, his prejudices against the country arose from his ignorance of it. Montreal quite captivated him; he was never tired of admiring the beauty of its architecture, the loveliness of its site, and the majestic grandeur of its noble river. He shot the rapids in an Indian canoe, fraternized with the *habitants*, and speedily made himself extremely popular with both the men and the women of the large circle in which he moved. The men liked him for his daring and skill in every athletic sport, his unwearying good-fellowship and unselfish nature. Perhaps his liberal hospitality, dispensed with the utmost ease and courteousness, had something to do with the favour he found in the eyes of the male community. He had

a knack of getting the best wines and finest cigars, and the luck of possessing a most estimable cook, who had consented to administer to his epicurean wants. With the women he was even a greater favourite. His adventurous life, his *grand air*, his wealth, were all so many fascinations to which they yielded the more willingly since a more delightful companion could not be wished for, full of information and amusement as his conversation always was. Besides this he possessed the additional recommendations of a very handsome face and figure, a voice which reminded one of Santley's baritone, and that *je ne sais quoi* by which some men seem to achieve the numerous conquests with which they are credited.

The summer heat had given way to autumn when Mildmay returned to Montreal after an absence of some duration at Niagara, where he had been staying with his friends, the Mitchells, who winged their way back to town as September was half over. His time, he considered, had been very well spent, and he looked back with no little pleasure on certain episodes of those summer days and evenings spent in the society of Ada Morton, a cousin of Arthur Mitchell, who formed part of the family.

The pair were slowly strolling down the Mountain one afternoon, shortly after their return, talking of what they had seen, and of what they yet would wish to see.

"I assure you, Miss Morton," said Mildmay, "I never believed I should admire those Falls of which you are all so justly proud. I had heard too much about them, I think, for I certainly repaired to the place with a feeling that I was going to be horribly bored, and it was only when I discovered you were to be my guide that I breathed more freely. I knew then that the *obligato* tour would be pleasant."

"What a marvellous gift of prescience you must have, Mr. Mildmay. Remember that you had never seen me before, and

could not possibly tell whether I should not bore you even more than Niagara."

"Probably that was the reason. As I have told you, I had a surfeit of Niagara long before I set eyes upon it. Its beauties had been so often recounted to me, its attractions so vividly depicted, its effect on the mind so dinned in my ears, that every desire I had at first experienced to behold that king of cataracts had given way to an unconquerable sense of *ennui* whenever the subject was broached. But with you it was vastly different; your name had, it is true, been mentioned more than once in conversation, and your cousin Arthur had attempted, and, need I add, failed, to describe you to me, so that I had at least the pleasure of studying you for myself, and in the way I liked best."

"Let me ask you two questions, and don't think that I am fishing for compliments, because I am not. You have, in the language of my uncle, raised a point that I want you to explain. You say Arthur attempted, but failed to describe me. What do you mean by that? and by your speaking of studying for yourself in the way you like best?"

"Did you but guess what you are about to draw down on your unfortunate head, Miss Morton, you would not ask those questions; or, having rashly asked them, would not seek for an answer."

"Really, Mr. Mildmay, you excite my curiosity all the more, and though you deprecate questioning and call me rash, I must trespass further, and ask you, moreover, what is this mysterious infliction with which I am threatened?"

"Nothing less than a dull disquisition, which, as I am very long-winded, extremely prosy, and unfortunately endowed with a gift of words far transcending my prescience—of which you think so much—is likely to carry us on beyond the time necessary to take us home. Shall I go on, or shall we postpone the explanation?"

"I hate postponements, they seldom do any good."

"I will go on, then. First, touching Arthur's failure to describe you; I think it well nigh impossible for any man to give another a correct description of a woman of whom he is particularly fond."

"Was Arthur 'particularly fond' of me?"

"You know very well he was."

"Was! Meaning that he is not now?"

"Not exactly. But, my dear Miss Morton, if you are so pressing, you will force me to acknowledge that men are fickle—at least some men are."

"That 'some men' is a very prudent reservation. Of course *you* are not?"

"I fear I cannot lay claim to exemption. What I have been I dare not say; what I *am* is another matter."

"Still rather unintelligible. Do you mean that you were fickle formerly but are not so now?"

"Precisely. You read my very thoughts ere they are formed. I think that most men of my temperament and disposition, men, who, like me, have learned a good deal, and have, to use a slang phrase, 'knocked about,' cannot help being more or less fickle, cannot help being now and then captivated by a pretty face, an artless manner, a sweet voice, and may even be led into a severe flirtation, winding up with a parting, and yet after a time, end by being the very reverse of fickle; becoming, indeed, models of praiseworthy constancy, spite of the fact that when they *do* bestow their love on the woman who changes and settles them, they find her affections pre-engaged, or some other equally insurmountable obstacle in the way."

"You talk feelingly, Mr. Mildmay."

"I trust I do, for I feel most thoroughly what I say. Look at me, Miss Morton; I have tossed about on the sea of life for now close on thirty-six years, eighteen of which have beheld me a prey to various passions. It would be absurd in me to pretend that I

never cared for any woman during that time ; worse than absurd to try to make you believe it, yet I do think myself justified in saying that though I have been, as my dear old mentor used to say, 'unstable as water,' I am no longer capricious and changeable, and that having—I do not mind owning it to you—centred all my hopes in life on one person, I can afford to acknowledge that I am changed. I know very well that many would think this merely self-praise. I call it self-knowledge."

"But is it not very difficult to tell whether it is not self-delusion?"

"At first, perhaps ; because when a man has learned thoroughly to distrust himself, he becomes very cautious about accepting his own estimate of himself, and still more that of others—if he finds it not unfavourable. So, having long ago learned that a chief element in my character is changeableness, it took much longer to convince me that I was at last fixed and firm in this passion to which I own, and which I cannot help believing more durable on account of the very distrust of myself that I entertained. Even now I would scarce dare to ask for reciprocity, knowing full well how little my antecedents justify me in expecting, nay, even in hoping for, a favourable answer."

"Are you, then, a despairing lover?"

"Far from it. I cannot despair because I have nothing to despair of."

"I cannot understand you."

"Am I then still a riddle to you, Miss Morton? Have not our frequent conversations and still more frequent meetings taught you to know something of me?"

"They have ; but very little compared with all there is to learn."

"Nay, flattering as is the implied compliment, I must disclaim being so profound. Have I not long since felt, and felt bitterly, how shallow, how empty I am?"

"Take care not to err on the other side, and, after having over-estimated yourself, to commit the worse mistake of underrating

your qualities and powers. Rather explain your absence of despair."

"It is easy. I do not despair, because the change which has come over me has done me good and has steadied me. I may never summon courage to ask my fate, but I shall always derive strength to overcome sorrow from my love. I do not deserve the fulness of happiness, and would almost fear to seek it, being already so raised by this act of devotion. I cannot again be the same selfish man that I was, for that passion now forms part of my very life, and wherever I may be, whatever I may do, it will colour and affect my every thought and deed. I hold it impossible to forget such a thing when a man has reached my time of life without having ever been seriously in love. And I justify myself by the reflection that my many flirtations debar me from the privilege of ever revealing my aspirations to the object of them."

"I am not going to dispute with you, Mr. Mildmay, or I might overthrow some of your theories. All I will say, before I remind you that one of my questions remains unanswered, is that you had better ponder the words of Montrose—

'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small ;
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.'

Don't comment, but go on about 'studying for yourself.'

"I had forgotten all about that, and now methinks we will not have time to talk of it, for here we are at home. But, dear Miss Morton, let us renew this conversation soon."

"As soon as you like. You have succeeded in interesting me deeply, and I candidly confess that I want to hear more."

"I am indeed fortunate in not having proved a bore to you."

"You forget that, prejudiced as you were against those Falls, you could not help returning to see them again and again, discovering fresh attractions each time."

"You make me wish I had been Niagara to you."

"You could not."

"Why?"

"I was not prejudiced."

CHAPTER II.

THERE were few pleasanter houses in Montreal in the year 1869 than that owned and inhabited by Morton Mitchell, one of the merchant princes of the Dominion. It was not only comfortable and roomy, but also charmingly adapted for stolen interviews and lovers' meetings. A veranda ran round three sides of it, covered with the blood-red Virginia creeper, and on the fourth a large conservatory—through which one could wander without fear of overturning priceless flowers placed in exposed situations—afforded a welcome retreat when the evenings proved too chilly for open air conversations.

At about nine in the evening, three or four days after Mildmay's and Ada's stroll down the Mountain, the various guests whom Mr. Mitchell had assembled round his board were scattered over the veranda and the garden. The seniors were, some of them, engaged at cards, others in gossip, and others in watching the younger people from the lofty French windows of the drawing-room. Not a shadow of restraint was there about the party; everyone appeared to be taking care of himself, and to relieve the hosts of the dreary burden of finding amusement for people who prefer to be bored. So it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell were sitting apart for a few minutes, free to communicate to each other their thoughts and impressions. They were both somewhat advanced in years, and were going down the hill of life hand in hand as they had ascended it, trusting and loving as in those long gone days when Morton, then a struggling young clerk, had won the love

of Mary Arlington, poor both of them, but full of confidence in the future. Since then they had gradually attained to wealth and ease, and in their decline could look back with fond pleasure to all their memories, and gather from their own past a gage of happiness for the future of their only child, Arthur, who was destined to carry on the business of the great firm of Mitchell & Son. Three years before, Ada Morton, the orphan daughter of Mr. Mitchell's brother, had come out to them from England, bringing new light and gladness into a home bright and cheerful already. Her fortune was not small, yet came not up to her many attractions and qualities, which had instantly captivated her uncle and aunt, round whose hearts she had twined herself more and more day by day. It had been a dream of theirs at one time to see her married to Arthur, but though the latter at first admired her very much, yet the difference of age—she was twenty-two and Arthur only eighteen—had told. The young man, after a brief season of courtship, readily understood her motives for refusing him, and had consoled himself with Rosa Clinton, who was a very realization of the poet's "sweet seventeen."

Rosa and Arthur were now together in the garden, and rumour said that ere long the engagement would be announced, though marriage between the pair was not dreamt of for two or three years later. Her sister Edith was there too, talking to Mildmay, and had any one been near, he would have heard the Englishman praising his friend, Trent, who had passed through not long before on his way home, after receiving his majority. The girl listened willingly, for, though Trent had remained but a single week in Montreal, he had promised to return soon, and she knew not why she so longed to see him again.

It was of Mildmay that Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell were talking in their quiet corner on the veranda.

"How wonderful, Morton, to see Mr.

Mildmay with any other young lady than Ada. Especially since we came back from the Falls, he has been constantly in attendance upon her, and I had thought——"

"That it would be a match? Oh, you women! you are always thinking of marrying and giving in marriage. I dare say, now, poor Mildmay has not even thought of Ada as anything more than an instructed and agreeable companion."

"I am not so sure. You take less notice of these things than women do, dear, because you have other matters to think of; but we, who have daughters to look after, are apt to be clear-sighted on such occasions."

"On this occasion you may make your mind easy. Ada has often said she would not marry, and all our pressing has been in vain. I do not want to speak harshly of the girl, for I love her dearly, but I cannot help wishing some of those notions of hers had never entered her head."

"So do I, Morton. It is very praiseworthy, no doubt, to desire to do good, but as I told Ada only yesterday, a woman's true mission is to make a home happy. If, instead of insisting on being a nurse in some of those English hospitals, she were to marry Mr. Mildmay, she would find as large a sphere in which to benefit her fellow-creatures as she ever will as a Sister of Mercy."

"Who knows but that she may change her mind and give up her dreams for more pleasing realities? I do not mind agreeing with you that Frank Mildmay does love her, and I am sure sincerely and devotedly, and since our fond old hope cannot be realized, I should be glad to know that they will make a match of it."

"Arthur tells me that he cannot persuade him to stay the winter here, and that he means to leave us soon to go to Bermuda."

"That I know. He said as much to-night over the wine. It is to fulfil a promise made to his friend, Wilson, but, unless I am greatly mistaken, he will return in

the spring. All depends, however, on Ada's decision, should he speak to her before he leaves."

When Frank Mildmay left Edith Clinton he strolled round the garden, dodging occasionally to avoid the couples that were having quiet *tête-à-têtes* in retired nooks, and finally entering the conservatory, where, by accident of course, he came upon Ada, sitting alone in the farthest corner.

She looked up as he approached, saying, "So you have deserted Edith?"

"No; she has deserted me for her mother, and I was forced to leave the garden, feeling myself very much in the way of sundry little *partis à deux*."

"You have made a poor exchange."

"I do not think so or I would not have sought you out. Besides, I wanted to have one little chat before I leave you."

"Leave us! leave us! Are you going, then?"

"Did you not know it? I start for New York in two or three days, to proceed to Bermuda for the winter."

"Why did you not speak of this sooner?"

"I did not suppose it would interest you."

"You care little, then, for my friendship, else you would not imagine me utterly indifferent to your movements. Let me tell you that I am sincerely sorry to have you go, for I looked forward with pleasure to another month of your society. It is selfish, I know."

"I do not see it in that light."

"I will make you do so. In a month, if all goes well, I return to England."

"For what purpose?"

"To carry out my intention of joining the sisterhood of nurses. We call it a sisterhood of mercy, though we take no vows."

"You a Sister of Mercy! You amaze me."

"It has always been my wish."

"But you do not reflect—you do not think—you do not know; really I——"

"Were I sarcastically inclined, might I not make fun of you just now?"

"Pray spare me. I would fail to appreciate sarcasm. I had no idea that you still entertained this fancy, for such I deemed it."

"It is no fancy, but a deliberate resolution."

"And will nothing change it? Will you actually sacrifice yourself and your friends to a plan praiseworthy in itself, but utterly unsuited to your circumstances?"

"My friends have all along known that I intended devoting myself to this object. Both my uncle and aunt have learned to approve my course, though I will not conceal from you that at first they vehemently opposed it."

"But there are others of whom you must think, dear Miss Morton; others besides your relatives who care for you, and who could not bear to lose you."

"Outside of my uncle's family I have no one for whom I need care to the extent of giving up my vocation. Arthur knows, and has known for many months, and he has given up his objections. Do not look so grieved, Mr. Mildmay; I am only following the path I marked out for myself, and when I put on the serge dress, I shall have gained the summit of my ambition in this world."

"You are not, you cannot be serious."

"Never more so in my life. Pardon me, but one would think I was inflicting an injury upon you by the way you receive the news. A little more and I shall begin to think that I was not altogether selfish in regretting your departure."

"Oh! Miss Morton, can you doubt it? Do you not know that——"

Frank Mildmay paused, and turned away.

For a moment neither of them spoke, but busy thoughts crowded into their brain. Ada felt that the time had come to which of late she had looked forward with delight mingled with sadness, for had she not resolved to devote herself to works of mercy? Yes; but now, on the instant of trial, she was forced to own that her love for Mildmay was greater and more powerful than she

had supposed; that the effort it would cost her to refuse him and send him away, was almost beyond her strength; that her whole life belonged to him who stood there with averted face, not daring to speak, fearful of words, and yet well aware that speak he must now, or for ever hold his tongue. She regretted—and who shall blame her?—that promise made three years ago in all the fervour of religious enthusiasm, to spend her days in tending the sick and wounded; she knew that right thoroughly would she be assailed of any reproach in the matter; but still, in this hour of her greatest temptation she again vowed to be firm, to be true to her promise, and to fulfil the covenant she had entered into.

Ah! it would be a noble gift to lay on the altar, this broken, bleeding heart of hers, with all her hopes and wishes sacrificed to that divine mission she must pursue. Then came the thought that no longer could the offering be single; no longer could it be only one life darkened; for there was another heart to be broken too, another life to be saddened. Useless to think that the suffering would soon pass away, the force of the blow be easily spent: that Mildmay would forget, and his wounds heal. With prophetic eye she saw him toiling on his way, uncheered, gloomy, and alone. It was proving too much for her; her fortitude, her courage were failing; inwardly she cried out for help and strength in her bitter anguish. She listened to the voice that prompted her to yield, nor dim the fair future that spread out smiling before her. Almost she rose to clasp her lover and tell him that now, henceforth and forever, she was his, and his alone.

Then turned Frank towards her, and on his face such unutterable evidence of love, such true token of faith, that she dared not trust herself to meet those eyes whose glance would read her soul's most hidden meaning.

"Miss Morton"—how grave sounded his voice as it thrilled through her, and dazed

her brain ;—" Miss Morton, let me tell you one thing."

She could not speak, scarce make the motion of refusal which he heeded not.

"I am going to put my fate to the touch, you must decide whether I shall gain or lose all."

She found her voice for an instant.

"Not—not now ! not now !"

"Ada, I love you."

The guests are bidding good-night—the carriages rolling away ; Arthur and Rosa descending the road together ; the moon-light streaming on the St. Lawrence, and touching with silver radiance the flowers in the conservatory. All is silence, all is peace, save in the bosom of the man who is bowed down in the shade—a very hell of conflicting emotions in his heart, and a great gaping void in his life. In a room of the house, prostrate in prayer, Ada is pouring out her grief in tears and anguish.

Thy trial is not over, poor child, and the "No" is but the beginning of long misery which will wither the roses in thy cheek, and dim the light in thine eye. Nobly hast thou sacrificed thy love, and true hast thou been to thy vow—but ah ! think not now of the cost, lest thy strength fail thee in the hour of need ; lest when to-morrow he comes to bid you *adieu*, thou givest thy hand where thou hast already given thy heart.

CHAPTER III.

JAMES Egerton Trent, Major in H. M. —th Foot, was already sauntering down the *Boulevard des Italiens* on that famous afternoon of the 15th July, 1870, watching the crowds of students and *populace* pushing frantically along with loud yells of "*Vive la Guerre ! A Berlin !*" which were answered by hoarse shouts from future communards of "*A bas la Prusse ! A bas Bismarck !*" Men, women and children lifted up their voices and joined the gener-

al tumult ; sedate *bourgeois* grew fierce over the mad article of the *Constitutionnel*, and echoed the war-cry of the excited soldiery of the Empire. Young dandies, who never before had given way to feeling, now waved their hats, and repeated "*Au Rhin ! Au Rhin !*" Officers of all arms filled the *cafés*, and drank enthusiastically to their next merry meeting in the capital of the *Roi Carotte*. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, Turcos, Zouaves and Spahis fraternized with the mob, and got deliriously drunk in anticipation of the speedy victory they were going to gain over the children of the Fatherland. The great gilded eagle shone more resplendently than ever in the hot sunshine ; the banners waved more proudly than they had for years ; the bands of military music crashed out louder, and the thunders of the *Marseillaise* woke the echoes with its old Republican force. It was a mad carnival of joy—the saturnalia of war. Never were there such soldiers as the French, such generals as the Marshals, such statesmen as the Olliviers and Grammonts ! From the senators of the Empire down to the *gamins* of Belleville, all were full of the same frantic delight. Paris had gone crazy about "the honour of France," and from the solitude of his study, Louis Napoleon heard the roar which told him that the people he had so long ruled with iron hand was no longer under control ; that his favourite city was revelling in the consciousness of power ; and that the whole country, having been driven and urged on by him, had taken the bit between its teeth, and was dashing away against that dark and stern array of Germany's might ; that he was now helpless on his throne, and that the great wave had him at its mercy. Whither it rushed, thither he must be carried, and with him not only his kindred, but his dynasty and his sway.

What a night was that 15th of July night ! Through all its hours was heard the ceaseless din of the howling crowds that made themselves hoarse with their bellowing, and

drank unending bumpers to secure success to the French arms. There was no night for these elated spirits; the sun of Austerlitz—that traditional orb—shone too brightly to be obscured by clouds. There was no night, there could be no night. Only the dawn of a long day of triumph which should see the serried legions of France force their invincible way through that German Rhine of which Musset had sung; and then on, on to Berlin, where the *fête de l'Empereur* would be celebrated by the victors amid feasting and revelry. In palace and garret, in barrack and studio, all men were praising and singing, falling down to worship the demon of war, whose lurid torch lit up with baleful glare the battlements of Strasbourg, of Metz, and of Sedan. But who cared for this? Nay, who suspected it? France was the darling of Victory—Fortune was never fickle to Gaul.

Now day after day the regiments went tramp, tramp, tramp, through the long Paris streets, horse and foot, artillery, military train, cuirassiers, lancers, dragoons, hussars, zouaves, chasseurs, carabiniers, turcos and grenadiers; banners and pennons fluttered in the breeze; golden eagles shone resplendent in the sun; helmets and cuirasses glittered bright; lance-points and sword-blades flashed; ponderous batteries of guns and mitrailleuses went past in clouds of dust; uniforms of all colours and shapes dazzled the eye; cries of command and strains of music sounded on every side; and over all, from time to time, rolled the oft-repeated shout—"To the Rhine! To the Rhine!" Aides-de-camp galloped hither and thither; bodies of troops halted at times and then resumed their march amid all the wild enthusiasm of a people panting for war and glory. It was a gay sight, and so thought Trent, recalled to England by a telegram which asked him to join, as correspondent, one of the German armies now making ready under the supervision of Moltke. He was not sorry to have this opportunity of seeing the flower of

France pass to the front before he joined the hosts of the adversary whom, in his heart of hearts, he believed destined to defeat and slaughter by those brilliant, high-spirited troops of the Empire.

In a few hours more he would be on his way to London, only to leave it again for some town in Southern Germany. He wished his friend Mildmay were going with him. He had had no news of the man for some weeks now, and regretted his absence at this stirring time. What was his surprise, therefore, at being saluted suddenly with —

"Trent, by Jove!"

He turned and saw a tall Cuirassier officer standing by him with outstretched hands. Spite of the difference of dress he at once recognised Mildmay, and returned the embrace as warmly as it was given. Both moved away to a quieter street to have their talk in peace.

"Where, in the name of Fortune," exclaimed the Major, "do you drop from?"

"London, my boy, which I left a week since, on hearing of the row. I have been here ever since, but so busy as to have no time to hunt you up. Besides, I heard you had been telegraphed home."

"That is true. I leave in a few hours, having accepted an engagement as correspondent for the — with the German army. But what is the meaning of this rig? Have you enlisted—volunteered?"

"Yes. Allow me to introduce myself as Monsieur de Mildmay, *Capitaine au troisième Cuirassiers*. My regiment is attached to Canrobert's corps at Chalons, and I am just going on to join."

"And how did you manage?"

"Why, I bethought myself of Bazaine, on whose staff, as you remember, I served as a volunteer in Mexico, before I went into Ashby's Black Horse. He was only too glad to get hold of me, presented me to Lebœuf, and offered me a staff appointment, which I respectfully declined, believing that I should see more service with a regiment."

"Pardon my inquisitiveness, Mildmay, but I cannot help wondering to see you take service—and dangerous service too—when I understood you were going to be married, or at least that you are engaged."

"Ah! that is all done for. Come, old fellow, let us go into Véfour's and have a last dinner together. I am free for three hours, and I will tell you how it is that my earnest prayer now is that I may become the billet for a German bullet."

July has passed away and August begun. The war is raging in real earnest. The prolonged inaction of the French armies has given time to the Germans to form their twelve army corps into three hosts, and Steinmetz, Frederick Charles, and the Crown Prince have taken their commands. No word has come from the Emperor, who has gone to Metz, till at last the heights of Spichern are stormed by Bataille's division, and the news arrives in Paris that young Louis has received his "baptism of fire." The first days of August see Saarbruck retaken by the Prussians, who have only left it for a time; they see Weissenburg, where Douay is crushed by the hundred and twenty thousand men of the Crown Prince, with whom is Trent, now busy writing to his paper in London, and thinking often of Mildmay, whom he believes with Canrobert at Chalons. From him he has a last message to Ada, herself soon to be amid the scenes of war, tending the wounded in the huge hospitals. Mildmay has resolved not to come out of the struggle alive, and has already proved himself a brave and daring chief. The men, among whom murmurs against their officers are heard even at this early hour, adore him and believe in him; him they would follow through fire and water, sure that, whatever the danger, he will be foremost to encounter it. He has only one thought—to die fighting bravely; one hope—to fall nearest to victory.

Longing as he did to be in the thickest of the fray, it was with fierce joy that he heard his brigade ordered to join MacMahon's corps beyond Haguenau. He knew that the enemy was not far from there, and that the Marshal would not hesitate to offer battle. The disaster which had befallen Douay at Weissenburg had shocked him as it had shocked and angered his fellow officers, all of whom prayed for a speedy meeting with those stolid Teutons whose sombre cohorts were pouring into France.

On the 5th of August the army of which Mildmay with his brigade formed a part, had taken up its position at Wörth, and calmly awaited the enemy which, in the evening, appeared in its front, one hundred and thirty thousand strong.

The 6th dawned. A hazy mist, slowly uprising from the valleys and woodlands, gave token of a hot day. The sun rose. At seven the first shots were heard from the outposts in front of Wörth. One after the other the divisions engaged, and the battle grew fierce and general. The day waned; still the roar of chassépot, needle-gun, mitrailleuse and cannon continued. The crisis had come. It was three in the afternoon. The French right centre and left were broken, and MacMahon made one more effort to redeem his failing fortunes. The brigade of Cuirassiers is ordered to the front to attack the artillery of the 5th and 11th Prussian corps, and as it deploys preparatory to the charge, it shows so splendid a line, so bold a brow, that it fixes the attention of the German commander and his staff. Trent, who is there, knows that Mildmay is among those dauntless horsemen, and strains his eyes to distinguish his friend in the crowd.

Now they come at a long steady trot, their helmets, cuirasses and swords flashing in the sun which breaks through the clouds of smoke and dust, the horses dashing on and holding high their heads as they snuff the battle—the leaders in front, sitting cool and

firm in their saddles. The Prussian gunners watch the storm coming; the dark-blue line takes a firmer stand as it hears the shrill bugle-blasts and the loud cry: "Forward, Cuirassiers!"—and on at top speed comes the solid mass, every man eager to reach those murderous guns which have opened on them, and are levelling whole ranks. In vain! No human power can withstand that shower of hurtling shot and shell! The brigade is breaking up—the lines are bending—one regiment gives way—men and horses are falling thickly; the oft-repeated shout "Close your ranks!" telling of death and carnage. Of all, the "Third" alone makes still some show, but its gallant troopers are falling back in confusion. An officer dashes out, his tall form towering above his men; he waves his sword, reforms the line, and once more the "Third" charges the German batteries, once more is repulsed; once more reforms and rides—a small and blood-covered troop—to certain death. Firm as on parade, calm and cool, the last captain leads the last squadron, but ere the brave horsemen can close with the enemy, the guns flash out and smoke envelops the scene.

The battle is lost, and the French are in flight.

Day dawns again, but on a scene of horror; and as Trent rides over the field of death, he shudders at the sights that meet his eye. Yonder brook, half choked with dead, is running blood; on the road are heaps of spiked helmets, stacks of needle-guns never more to be used by the brave who carried them but yesterday. Further on are whole companies of French troops, lying as they fell, mowed down by the furious fire of the Bavarian advance. As he nears the batteries he passes hundreds of swarthy Turcos and brown Zouaves, whose gay uniforms are tarnished and soiled with the blood and dust of the day. Then he came on breastplates, steel helms and dead men

of the Cuirassier brigade. A Prussian officer rides up to him and points to a body lying close to the mouths of the Prussian guns. It is that of the stalwart officer who led the last desperate charge. His helmet has fallen off—his hand still grasps his sword—and from a little hole in the breast-plate oozes a thin stream of blood. Nearest to victory of all his brigade, Frank Mildmay has fallen as he wished—in the front rank on the battlefield.

Tenderly do the stern Germans lift him up and wrap him in a cloak, nor is there an eye dry around the grave where Trent severs a lock of his blood-clotted hair. The veteran chiefs of the victorious army, the royal general himself, have saluted with honours the remains of the brave soldier, and the cross over his grave is hung with more than one wreath by the men of the 11th corps.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE is little more to tell.

After the disaster at Sedan the Crown Prince marched on Paris. Trent followed him, anxiously inquiring everywhere on the road whether Sisters of Mercy were in the neighbourhood. Many a useless ride and walk did he take in his attempts to find out Ada Morton, and it was not till near the end of the war that he at last met the object of his search—how changed from the once blooming girl he had known he dared not acknowledge to himself. Slowly, painfully he told what he had to tell—then departed, for no consolation could he offer to so great a sorrow. Then he again lost sight of her and heard no more of the good Sister Mary, for so was she now called.

Twelve months after the conclusion of the peace and the humiliation of France, Major Trent was again in the neighbourhood of Wörth, but no longer as a soldier or a correspondent. He had returned to Canada and made Edith Clinton his wife; with her he

was now travelling through Europe, and her he was now taking on a sacred pilgrimage to the grave of Frank Mildmay.

It was evening. The sun slowly sunk in a cloudless sky, casting long shadows on the hill-slopes, and tipping with gold the crosses on the steeples that peeped here and there from scattered villages.

Egerton and Edith approached the spot they had come to visit and expected to find silent and deserted—but as they neared it they saw a woman's form half-prostrate on the grave, her arms wound round about

the humble wooden cross, her face hidden.

Seized by the same thought they hastened up. The woman was dead ! Ada Morton had joined Frank Mildmay.

They lie side by side, and the children of the village come up there with flowers to put on the tomb of good *Sœur Marie* and the brave officer. The birds sing in the tree above, and the sun shines down and the rain falls—but never will Trent forget that awful 6th of August, or Edith her meeting with dead Ada.

DISARMAMENT.

(From Poems of JOHN G. WHITTIER.)

"Put up the sword !" The voice of Christ once more
Speaks in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes ; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead ; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire ; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes !
O men and brothers ! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace ; put up the useless sword !

Fear not the end. There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it :
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O son of peace !" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said : "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
Lo ! as he spake, the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size ; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove ;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird :
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song ;
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong."

CURRENT EVENTS.

AMONG other symptoms of the general fermentation, the publishers of this journal have once more occasion to complain of the disregard of their professional privileges shown by certain members of the profession in treating editorials as the personal productions of writers to whom, without authority and at random, they are ascribed. The impersonality of editorship is indispensable to the influence, to the dignity, to the decency of journalism. This rule, like some other social and professional rules, is habitually broken in the United States, and the result is that one chief of the New York press apostrophises another as "Jennings, that fat-witted and exotic fibber." To this we shall come if we do not control our curiosity and our temper in Canada. To this, and worse than this, our gutter-organs have already come; and the inevitable consequence will be a loss of the social position of journalists as well as of their political power. We should be the last to claim the privilege of anonymous writing as a cover for anything to which a man of honour would blush to put his name; but we trust that no excuse of this kind for breaking the laws of war has ever been furnished to our opponents by anything that has appeared in this Magazine. We speak, as we have said before, in the interest of Canadian journalism rather than in our own; no personalities can ever affect the position of any one connected with this journal, or turn the journal itself a hair's breadth out of the course which its managers think proper to take.

The general line of this journal is determined, like that of any other journal, by those responsible for its direction, and the confidential concerns of its office are as much entitled to respect as those of the office of any one among its daily or weekly

contemporaries. Literary assistance in the preparation of editorials is sought not in one quarter alone. It is amusing to see paragraphs complacently criticised as betraying the ignorance of a "stranger," when, in fact, they are from the pen of a Canadian long and intimately conversant with the political and commercial affairs of the country. Not but that a stranger might have some advantages, if, besides being strange to the soil, he were in any reasonable measure strange to certain things which are beginning to grow on it.

The noise of the Pacific Railway Scandal has at last woke up the English Press, which had before been moved only to semi-somnolent utterances by a telegram, beautifully illustrative of our mutual intelligence, to the effect that the Governor-General had presided over a meeting of members of Parliament of both parties, and had signed a memorial to himself against prorogation, a proceeding which, it was added, had caused great excitement at Ottawa. As no Englishman ever reads either the letters of Colonial correspondents of newspapers or editorials on Colonial subjects, it is probable that this telegram is still the sum of the knowledge possessed by the mass of the English public on the great Canadian question of the day. The leading journals are now better informed, but even their information is far from being such as to entitle their opinions to any practical deference, however glad we may be to see them showing an interest in the affairs of the Colony. The *Times* writes on the assumption that the composition of the Royal Commission is identical with that of the Parliamentary Committee. The *Saturday Review* fancies that the Governor-General's reason for proroguing Parliament is his apprehension that, from the corruption

practised in the elections, it is too much under the control of the accused Ministers. The *Spectator*, by some process of constitutional reasoning to us inscrutable, and certainly far from accordant with the fact, persuades itself that, Parliament being prorogued, Lord Dufferin will be at liberty himself to appoint the Commissioners without reference to the advice of Ministers. The bias of certain journals also, and the operation of influences foreign to the interest of Canada, are distinctly visible to the eye of any one at all familiar with the English Press. In some quarters the Colonial Office and the friends of its representative are evidently at work, while in others the predominant object is to attack or defend the Government which negotiated the Washington Treaty. Other journals, from which sound doctrine on constitutional questions might otherwise have been expected, can think of nothing but the Pacific Railway, and regard Canada simply as the scene of that enterprise, while they fail to observe that the only chance of ultimate success in the enterprise itself depends upon the character of those entrusted with it and the integrity of the Government. On the whole, a series of extracts from Zadkiel's Almanac, or from the reported utterances of an Indian Medicine Man, would be about as pregnant with practical instruction for us in this difficult juncture as the Sibylline leaves of English journalism, which, as the random blast happens to whirl them to one side or the other, are so eagerly pounced upon by rival disputants here. In fine, mutual affection between the mother and the daughter is a happy fact, and we trust will ever remain so; but maternal wisdom is a fiction. In herself, in her own good sense, and in the moral dictates of her own breast, Canada must seek the guidance which alone can enable her to pay the worthiest tribute to her illustrious parent by becoming a counterpart of England.

The correspondent of one of our own

journals, in describing the impression made on the British public by this crisis in Canadian affairs, expressly warns us that it will be transient, that other and more vivid sensations will speedily take its place, and that those who are struggling for constitutional right here must not look for steady support from opinion on the other side of the water. We have no doubt that this anticipation will prove correct, and that the state of the funds, the labour movement, the approaching elections, the battle of Dorking and the Ashantee war, will soon engross once more the attention of an eminently practical and intensely busy people. The ordinary Englishman is no more to be blamed for not constantly attending to the affairs of Canada than the ordinary Canadian is to be blamed for never attending to the affairs of Australia or the Cape of Good Hope.

Some of our journals have remarked a rather disagreeable tendency on the part of certain English writers to treat us as colonists in a state of constitutional pupillage, and with whom, in their fit of childish excitement, the Governor General, representing the plenitude of English wisdom, is at liberty to deal in a way in which no English ruler would for a moment dream of dealing with Englishmen themselves. The bounds of truth are certainly not exceeded in saying that the average intelligence of the people here, political as well as general, is at least on a level with the average intelligence of the people, masses of whom are totally uneducated, in the mother country; and it would therefore be ignominious, and in the deepest sense of the word disloyal, to allow ourselves to be treated differently from any other heirs of British laws and liberties. There has been no excitement here beyond the measure of that which British historians record with pride as having signalized great struggles for national right in the mother country. If the nation conquers and corruption bites the dust, the exultation of true Canadians will be nothing more than an echo

of that shout which, Macaulay has told us in his most stirring page, burst from the hearts and lips of ten thousand Englishmen, and, gathering volume as it spread, thundered through London streets, rolled down the river crowded with shipping, and was taken up by the far-off camp at Hounslow, when the foreman of the jury pronounced the acquittal of the Seven Bishops.

It should be remembered too, that the dangerous dilemma in which Canada is now placed, and for her extrication from which we look, not without trembling, to the constancy of her people, is traceable in more respects than one, we will not say to the fault, but we must say to the action of the mother country. The Parliamentary Committee would have finished its work, and the opportunity for a misuse of the prerogative would never have been afforded, had not the Oaths Bill been disallowed on grounds which, if technically correct, are practically senseless; for no good reason can be imagined why the Legislature of a self-governed country should not be at liberty to confer upon a committee of the House of Commons a power which it has conferred upon a Commission nominated by the Prime Minister, who is himself virtually nominated by the Parliament. Again, corrupted and bedevilled as Parliament has been, it would almost unquestionably, on the 13th of August, have obeyed the impulse of the nation, which demanded that the Government should be purified and the national character redeemed, had it not been prevented by the interposition of the prerogative in the hands of a British Governor General, whose rank is high, and whose personal qualities are most estimable, but who as a new-comer must be very imperfectly informed with respect to the general features of the situation, the various influences at work, and the characters of the public men with whom he has to deal, as, in fact, the one-sided selection of Royal Commissioners into which he has been drawn too mani-

festly proves; while he is even at a greater disadvantage than ordinary new-comers, because, from his exalted position, he is surrounded by that invisible but impenetrable fence which guards Vice-Royalty as well as Royalty against the intrusion of unwelcome Truth. Perhaps there is also a disturbing cause of a more general kind connected with the action, well intended but misdirected, of the Government of the mother country upon the Colony, which is symbolized by the fact that of our five politicians or commercial men bearing titles of Imperial honour, four have been deep in the Scandal. The fifth, in accepting a title at the hands of a British Minister, reserved his duty in all cases to his own country: he is a Canadian and a "traitor."

We do not pretend that Canada herself has made no mistakes, or placed no stumbling-blocks of a constitutional kind in her own path. She has, we conceive, made a two-fold mistake, of serious moment at the present juncture, with regard to the position of the Governor General; on the one hand erroneously exalting him to a sort of parity with the Queen, who is the sole object of personal loyalty, who alone can do no wrong, who alone is above public criticism; on the other hand reducing him practically to a mere puppet in the hands of his Ministers, and depriving him of a liberty of action his exercise of which in certain cases is essential to the perfect working of the constitution. The first of these tendencies is probably a tradition of that gallant band of exiles for monarchy's sake round whose names gathers the romance of early Canadian history; the second is the expression of the constitutional jealousy and tenacity bred by a long and bitter struggle for constitutional government. As a general rule, of course, the principle of constitutional government is, that the Crown shall be guided by the advice of Ministers who have the confidence of Parliament; but there are three cases at all events in which, as it appears to us, a Governor General has

a right, and is bound, to think and act for himself. He has a right, and is bound in case of doubt, to assure himself that his Ministers really have the confidence of Parliament; he has a right, and is bound, himself to call his Ministers to account for anything affecting their personal integrity; and he has a right, and is bound, at all hazards to reject advice which he deliberately believes to be not only impolitic but morally wrong, or plainly at variance with the principles of the constitution. The check upon his abuse of this liberty of action in any case is the difficulty which he would experience of providing himself with other advisers, and which would virtually signify the disapprobation of Parliament. But to deprive him of the liberty altogether would be to exclude the action of a remedial force, indispensable in certain contingencies, as a supplement of constitutional government. To illustrate our position by reference to the case before us, we venture to think that in advising a prorogation, and thereby declining the judgment of Parliament on their conduct, Ministers raised a question of the first kind; that the publication of the well-known documents, containing the strongest evidence against Ministers of flagrant corruption, constituted a case of the second kind; and that when they advised the Governor General forcibly to take the inquiry out of the hands of the Commons, and allow them to name their own judges under the form of appointing a Royal Commission, they gave His Excellency abundant reason, both moral and constitutional, for taking counsel of his own sense of right in accordance with the principle applicable to cases of the third kind. The theory that a constitutional King, or a constitutional Viceroy, can dismiss his Ministers only in deference to the expressed will of Parliament, requires qualification to make it true. King William IV. dismissed the Whig Ministry in October, 1834, when Parliament was not sitting, on the ostensible ground that it was fatally weakened by the removal of Lord Althorp

from the Commons to the Lords. The King's conduct has been generally condemned, though so punctilious a constitutionalist as Sir Robert Peel did not shrink from obeying His Majesty's command to form a new Government. May joins in the condemnation; but the reasons which he gives are these: "All the accustomed grounds for dismissing a Ministry were wanting. There was no immediate *difference of opinion between them and the King upon any measure of public policy*; there was no disunion among themselves; nor were there any indications that they had lost the confidence of Parliament. But the accidental removal of a single Minister—not necessarily from the Government, but only from one House of Parliament to the other—was made the occasion for dismissing the entire Administration. It is true that the King viewed with apprehension the policy of his Ministers in regard to the Irish Church; but *his assent was not then required to any specific measure of which he disapproved*, nor was this the ground assigned for their dismissal. *The right of the King to dismiss his Ministers was unquestionable*; but constitutional usage has prescribed certain conditions under which this right should be exercised. It should be exercised solely *in the interest of the State, and on grounds which can be justified to Parliament*,—to whom, as well as to the King, the Ministers are responsible. Even in 1784, when George III. had determined to crush the Coalition Ministry, he did not venture to dismiss them until they had been defeated in the House of Lords upon Mr. Fox's India Bill. And again, in 1807, the Ministers *were at issue with the King upon a grave constitutional question* before he proceeded to form another Ministry. But here it was not directly alleged that the Ministers had lost the confidence of the King; and so little could it be affirmed that they had lost the confidence of Parliament, that an immediate dissolution was counselled by the new Administration. The act of the King bore

too much of the impress of his personal will, and too little of *those reasons of State policy by which it should have been prompted*; but its impolicy was so signal as to throw into the shade its unconstitutional character."

Attention to the words which we have marked with italics will show that our latest authority on constitutional questions allows the Crown, by implication, a greater liberty of action than we have ventured to claim for it in accepting or rejecting the advice of Ministers; and the liberty of course implies, when the circumstances arise, a corresponding duty. There is no danger so long as the appeal to Parliament is sure and speedy; danger begins with attempts, like that which we have just witnessed, to set the judgment of Parliament aside.

The Constitution is not a mere machine, acting rigidly, and without regard to the rules of common sense and common justice, which prescribe special treatment for exceptional cases. We suggested, though without insisting on the suggestion, that if a Royal Commission was to be appointed, at the instance of Parliament, to inquire into Ministerial delinquencies, the Governor General might be assisted in his selection of Commissioners by those members of the Privy Council who are not Ministers. This, we are told by ultra-constitutionalists, no Ministers could endure. But who, under any Constitution fit for reasonable beings, could endure a Commission nominated to inquire into the conduct of Ministers by Ministers themselves? Suppose Parliament thought proper to include in its address a prayer that His Excellency would be pleased, in appointing the Commissioners, to take the advice of those members of his Privy Council whose conduct was not the subject of inquiry, how would this conflict with any rational theory of the Constitution? And if Ministers chose to take it as a vote of no-confidence, what bad consequences would follow from their so doing?

Our last word upon this odious but in-

evitable subject was an endorsement of the course taken by Mr. Huntington, and of the reasons given in his letter to the Commission. We are convinced that he did wisely in declining to surrender the rights of the Commons, and to carry the national cause before a tribunal at once utterly unconstitutional, appointed by the accused, and packed in their favour. There were some, we believe, among his friends who advised him to take a different course, feeling that his case was strong enough to stand before any tribunal, and fearing lest, by his refusal to appear, practical advantage might be sacrificed to constitutional forms. But the principle for which Mr. Huntington is contending is no mere form: it is not one of those fantastic or pedantic dogmas, miscalled principles, to which people sometimes immolate the dictates of practical wisdom. It is a principle for which the nation renowned above all others for practical wisdom, has inflexibly contended, as the most indispensable safeguard of constitutional government. Take away from Parliament its power of inquiring into the abuses of Government, and there is no check to those abuses: there is no check, and in a community such as ours there will be no bound. Political sharpers, once entrenched in place and power, with the patronage in their hands, will reign securely by corruption, and plunder the country at their will. We have already had a glimpse of the system by which unscrupulous men, with great command of money, might get hold of the powers of government, use them for their selfish purposes, then sell out, and, leaving ruin behind them, buy palaces in May Fair. We wish Mr. Huntington better work than that which he is now doing. It is a wretched task for a man capable of the functions of a statesman to be playing the part of a detective; to be raking in the filth of betrayed telegrams or purloined letters; and to be associated with informers whose revelations are indispensable, but whose motives are impure. Every true

Canadian will pray that never again may a struggle among us take a form so debasing to the character of our public men, so provocative of the worst political passions, so humiliating to the country. But, under the circumstances, Mr. Huntington's bearing has been manly and straightforward; his conduct, so far, has been right; and he deserves the melancholy thanks of the nation. To taunt him with fearing to produce his case, under oath, before the Commission, is absurd: he was ready enough to produce his case under oath, had the Oaths Bill not been disallowed, before the Parliamentary Committee. His opponents were ready to tender the powers of a Royal Commission to a Parliamentary Committee, by which the offer could not possibly be accepted; but they declined to confront the only tribunal which could have instituted a searching inquiry into the case.

The Commission having sat, Lord Dufferin's pledge must, of course, be fulfilled, and Parliament is to meet at once. When it does meet, a resolution, we presume, will be moved, ratifying Mr. Huntington's course and affirming the right of the Commons, as asserted by him, against the unconstitutional act of the advisers of the Crown. Upon that resolution, unless the House of Commons is utterly corrupt and false to its trust, the Government must fall. But its fall will not preclude the resumption of the inquiry under the auspices of Parliament, though the most practical object of the investigation will then be to ascertain whether the direction of the Pacific Railway has been obtained by proper means and is in trustworthy hands.

Mr. Huntington having been summoned before the Commission, and having declined to appear, the course of the Commissioners, as it seems to us, was plain. They ought to have ascertained whether they had legally the power to compel attendance, and if they found that they had not, to have reported to the Governor General that they were unable

to bring the case before them. The pretence for superseding the Parliamentary Committee was, that it could not examine witnesses on oath, a power the value of which in the present case it is possible to overrate. But a Court which cannot bring the case before it labours under at least as serious an incapacity as one which is without the power of examining on oath. If it is urged that the defect arose from an uncertainty in the Act, and was merely technical, the same may be said with fully equal force as to the ground for the disallowance of the Oaths Bill. Perhaps the defect in the case of the Commission is not merely technical; the only powers of bringing a case before them which the Act professes to confer on the Commissioners are those of a court in *civil* cases, appropriate to the mere collection of information for the instruction of the Crown, which is the function in England of Royal Commissions; but the case which the present Commissioners are affecting to try is criminal all round. The farcical ceremony of calling Mr. Huntington into court, and bidding the clerk cry louder that the defaulter might hear him at Montreal, when the Commissioners must have known that Mr. Huntington was not bound by law to appear, was a fitting prelude to the comedy which necessarily ensued when, for the first time as we should suppose in legal history, a court undertook to try a cause with [only one party before it. Parliament, had it sanctioned the appointment of a Commission, might have armed the Commissioners by Act with sufficient powers.

And here the question returns with increased force: Why were the heads of the law not put on the Commission? Were they passed over, or did they decline to serve? In the first case, what was the reason? In the second, was it from any legal misgiving that they declined? and, if so, how could the Governor General be recommended on a legal question to dis-

regard the misgivings of the heads of the law?

In an untenable position, the Royal Commissioners could not possibly play a satisfactory part. The inanity of some of the examinations, which has reminded people of the Irish prisoner who called fifty witnesses to swear that they had not seen him steal the pig, arose no doubt from the Commissioners having got hold of Mr. Huntington's list of witnesses or of part of it, without knowing what the witnesses were set down to prove. Thus people were interrogated as to all sorts of political enormities, of which they solemnly denied their cognizance, when in point of fact they may have been set down to attest some document or prove some single link in a chain of circumstantial evidence. The Court could hardly itself act as prosecutor and cross-examine the witnesses, especially as the defendant was in Court and cross-examining for himself, so that the Court might have had continually to step down from the bench to the bar, and in case of a dispute to argue in its own favour, and then, stepping back to the bench, to rule upon its own argument—a process which would have been too closely in keeping with the appointment of the Court itself by the accused. Not that the defence could have had much to fear from a President who could suggest to a faltering witness on the side of the Government the plea of inadvertence, which of course was gratefully accepted. No serious attempt has been or could have been made to extract the truth from the inculpatated Ministers, or to do justice to the nation. It will be an early duty of the Legislature to shut the door against such devices for the future, by providing that no Royal Commission shall hereafter inquire into any matter cognizable by the High Court of Parliament or by any Court of the realm, unless it be appointed on a Parliamentary address. In the meantime the proceedings of the present Commission must be regarded as an attempt of Ministers to defeat national

justice, and its deliverance must be treated as null and void.

The Ministers have not been examined, in the proper sense of the term, much less cross-examined; they have simply made prepared statements before the Commission. Sir Hugh Allan, from whom the Ministers appear to have severed their cause while they avoid any appearance of hostility to him, wished to cross-examine on his own behalf, through his counsel, but was refused leave to do so by the Court, on the ground that he was a mere witness, though his character and interest would appear to be principally concerned, and though the Court was not too punctilious to allow Sir John Macdonald to give as a part of his testimony his version of the views and motives of Sir Hugh Allan. That test, therefore, without the application of which no evidence, not even that of the most veracious and disinterested witness, is trustworthy, has not been applied; and if any doubt remained, it would be necessary that the statements should be sifted before a more impartial tribunal. It can hardly be said, however, that any doubt does remain. Even the testimony taken in so unsatisfactory a manner furnishes decisive proof of the guilt of the Ministers on the only material issue. Sir John Macdonald does not deny the genuineness of the documents published by Mr. McMullen, which prove that, in manifest contravention of his trust, and in violation of the well-known rules of public life, he obtained from a competitor for a public contract a large sum of money to be expended in the elections. The plea which was put into the mouth of the Governor General, that the documents derived their criminal complexion only from juxtaposition with Sir Hugh Allan's letters, is abandoned, and must be taken to be invalid. This, we repeat, is enough. It is needless to enter into a tortuous and slippery controversy with Sir John Macdonald as to the existence of anything strictly definable as an agreement between

his Government and Sir Hugh Allan for the sale of the Pacific Contract. When a Minister takes money from a competitor for a public contract, and thereby places it morally out of his power to award the contract to any other person, he to all intents and purposes sells it; the form of a bargain may be wanting, but the act of corruption and the injury to the public are complete. Sir John Macdonald alleges that the motive of a man who notoriously takes no interest in politics for expending a vast sum in the elections, was his desire to keep in office a Ministry which pursued a certain policy with regard to railways and public works; yet he will hardly pretend that after taking Sir Hugh's money he was free, provided he continued to pursue the same general policy, to award the Pacific Contract to Mr. Macpherson.

But another document has come to light in the shape of a letter produced by Sir Hugh Allan, so fatally conclusive that it may be said almost to supersede the rest of the evidence, and to constitute in itself a sufficient case for a change of Government.

"(Private and Confidential).

" MONTREAL, 30th July, 1872.

" DEAR SIR HUGH,—The friends of the Government will expect to be assisted with funds in the pending elections, and any amount which you or your Company shall advance for that purpose shall be recouped to you. A memorandum of immediate requirements is below.

" Very truly yours,
(Signed) " G. E. CARTIER.

" Now wanted :—

" Sir John A. Macdonald, \$25,000.

" Hon. Mr. Langevin, \$15,000.

" Sir G. E. Cartier, \$20,000.

" Sir John A., (additional,) \$10,000.

" Hon. Mr. Langevin, \$10,000.

" Sir Geo. E. Cartier, \$30,000."

These sums were afterwards increased so as to amount to \$162,600, of which Sir J. Macdonald received \$45,000; and Sir Hugh spent other sums in the elections, bringing

the whole up to nearly \$180,000, which, with other "preliminary" expenditure, as to the nature of which we are not left in the dark by his published letters, brings up his whole outlay to the \$350,000 which he stated that he had spent, though Ministerialists insinuated that his statement was not worthy of belief.

This is that letter of July 30 to which reference is made in Sir George Cartier's of Aug. 24, calling for money from Sir Hugh Allan, as containing the "conditions" and the "terms" on which the money was to be advanced.* This is the letter so long withheld from publication, and, as we see, not without good grounds. This is the letter which Messrs. Beaudry, Starnes, and Murphy had seen, and which in their published declaration they assured the public "had no reference to the Pacific Railway Company or to the Pacific Railway Contract." We see the quibble, but it only aggravates the untruth.

The words "*you or your Company*" shut out any possibility of doubt as to the character of the transaction, or the grounds upon which the money was exacted upon one side and disbursed upon the other. They overturn at once the whole fabric of Sir John Macdonald's suggestions with regard to the motives of Sir Hugh Allan's extraordinary expenditure. But even without these words the form and general contents of the letter would be decisive. It is manifestly a compact reduced to writing, at the instance of Sir Hugh Allan, as his security for the consideration on which he was about to advance the money, and as a voucher to be produced to his associates. It is as manifestly connected with the negotiation between Sir Hugh Allan and Sir George Cartier, at Montreal, respecting the contract and the presidency of the Company, bearing date four days after Sir John Macdonald's tele-

* See "Current Events" in our last number, p. 241.

gram tendering the Presidency of the Company to Sir Hugh, and the same day as a projected agreement. The sums of money for the payment of which it stipulates are manifestly a part of the \$343,000 which Sir Hugh, in his letter of September 16th, 1872, to Mr. McMullen, says he wants to have repaid to him by the Americans, as having been advanced in their behalf. Even in his present statement he clearly, though perhaps unconsciously, treats the payments to the Ministers as expenditure connected with the Railway; for after specifying the sums advanced to Sir George Cartier, Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Langevin respectively, he proceeds:—"I also paid for the assistance of other friends of my own, in connection with the elections, between \$16,000 and \$17,000. These sums, with the preliminary expenses in the Pacific and the various railroads on which I was engaged, more or less directly connected with the Pacific enterprise, make up the amount of my advances to about \$350,000." A distinct interpretation is also put on the ambiguous phrase "monetary conditions," in Sir Hugh Allan's letter to a gentleman of New York (whose name has been so far withheld) of 7th August, 1872. When Sir Hugh says that an agreement has been signed between him and the Government, securing to him the advantages which he specifies on "certain monetary conditions," he undoubtedly refers to the stipulations of the letter of 30th July.

"Any amount which you or your Company shall advance for that purpose" (aiding the Government in the elections) "shall be recouped to you." As no fund has been suggested, or can be imagined, from which the \$162,600 could be recouped, and as Sir Hugh Allan, in his letter of 16th September, 1872, before cited, looks not to the Government but to the Americans for repayment, this colourable engagement on the part of the Government to refund

the bribe is evidently a mere blind, of the sort familiar to every agent of corruption, and, as such, it only furnishes an additional proof of the criminal character of the transaction.

Sir John Macdonald, by his interrogation of Mr. Cumberland and Mr. McInnes, evidently wished to create the impression that the cases of these gentlemen, who, being directors of the Pacific Company, subscribed as they say on political grounds to the election fund of their party in their respective districts, affords a parallel to the case of Sir Hugh Allan. Instead of a parallel there is a marked and instructive contrast. It appears that neither of these gentlemen was deeply interested in the railway, or wished on commercial grounds to be a director, while both of them were unquestionably interested in politics; whereas Sir Hugh Allan was indifferent to politics and absorbed in the railway. The sums which they subscribed were no doubt moderate, while the sum demanded and obtained from him was enormous; their contributions, so far as we know, were given willingly—his were manifestly extorted; in their case the suggestion of a compact with the Government would be ridiculous—in his, the compact is before us. If, as Mr. Abbott would have us believe, Sir Hugh Allan was moved by a passionate addiction to the policy of the Government, what object could there be in making any stipulations at all?

A parallel again has been sought by the apologists of electoral corruption in the example of the late Earl of Derby, who is stated to have subscribed largely to the election fund of his party. He may very well have subscribed to an election fund without being an accomplice in electoral corruption, since election expenses are so large in England, owing to the exacting habits of constituencies and the costliness of organization, that forty thousand dollars have been spent without bribery in a single election. When the late Earl of Derby can be shown to have

received money from a competitor for a public contract, to be expended in elections—when he can be shown to have entered into a compact of corruption, and to have concealed the fact by such means as have been employed in the present instance—it will be time to mix his name with the names of the men who have been implicated in the Pacific Railway Scandal.

In the opening portion of our first article on the subject, when only Sir Hugh Allan's letters had been published, and we were still disposed to reject the graver charges against the Ministers, we said 'that nevertheless, if the Government was aware of the existence of the letters, and knew the corrupt character of the man when it put the contract and the great national enterprise into his hands, its case was bad indeed. Bad, indeed, it was; but the lesser crime, though great, is swallowed up in the greater.

The alleged connection between the Government and the Americans, though fiercely insisted on by the Grits, has always seemed to us a matter of secondary importance; but with regard to this we are bound to say that hitherto no case has, in our opinion, been established against the Ministers. That they were not without grounds for surmising that some of the money would come from American pockets is, perhaps, the worst that can be said. We must add that it has not yet been made apparent to us that there was anything in the terms of the contract which, if honestly carried out, would necessarily have been injurious to the public, though the conjunction of such a Company with such a Government, dealing between them with a fund so vast in proportion to the general resources of the country, might fill us with reasonable dismay.

It is proved that, as Mr. McMullen stated, the Ministerialist Chairman of the Committee of Inquiry had himself received from Sir Hugh Allan, at the instance of Sir John Macdonald, accommodation to the amount of

\$5,000, in aid, as we cannot doubt, of election expenses, so that he was himself a party to the transaction into which he was appointed to inquire. Sir John Macdonald avers that it was against his wish that Mr. Cameron was made Chairman of the Committee. But no one, we suppose, doubts that a clear expression of Sir John Macdonald's wish to the party, or to Mr. Cameron himself, would have been effectual; and it is to be noted that Sir John himself tendered to Mr. Cameron, in the name of the Governor General, the position of Chairman of a Royal Commission.

Ministerialists boast that the Government, in the face of all these disclosures, has secured a majority to resist further inquiry, maintain the Ministers in power, and keep the Pacific Contract in the present hands. Anything may happen in a country where party feeling runs so high, and which has been so long suffering under a system of corruption. It has been appalling to hear the language held even by men of honour under the influence of party passions. But if the people are prepared to sanction such things, we may as well at once spare the money which we spend in preachers, release our educators from the useless duty of teaching morality, and learn to expect among those whom we employ, or with whom we deal, no higher integrity than that which the nation delights to honour in the person of its chief.

That we may not imagine that the evils of faction are confined to one side, an incident displaying party spirit in its worst form has occurred upon the other side. A letter written by the Prime Minister to one of his colleagues has been stolen from the Post Office at Montreal by some one who surmised, not without reason, that it contained information as to the secret policy of the Government. As no attempt appears to have been made to obtain money from the member of the Opposition to whom the letter was sent, we may infer that party fanaticism

was the sole motive for the offence. If the thief is caught, he will no doubt suffer the penalty of the law. To charge Mr. Young, or those who concurred with him in the publication of the letter, with complicity in the robbery of the Post Office, is unjust; there was nothing to show them that the letter had not been delivered to the person to whom it was addressed. Being intended for the guidance of the leaders of the Ministerial party at Montreal, it was not unlikely to be handed about and to go astray. But the publication was a very great mistake; we need not use a more offensive term in this case any more than in the "Speak Now" case, which it closely resembles. It is true that the claims of private confidence must give way to those of public justice; no one would hesitate to break a seal which covered the confidential communications of murderers or burglars. But what is done in the name of public justice must be done with the cognizance of public justice. If the letter was criminal, instead of being published in a newspaper it ought to have been handed to the police. The course taken, as it shocks social sentiment, has not only failed to damage the Minister, but has created a diversion in his favour; so much so, that some of the Opposition are inclined to start the hypothesis of a trap—a supposition which the introduction of Mr. Workman's name into the letter, in a manner sure to give him offence, puts completely out of the question. Mr. Young, however, cannot be greatly blamed for reading a letter which was sent to him as a warning by one who professed to be his friend, and in the contents of which he was, in fact, deeply concerned. A very high-minded man would, perhaps, on seeing the name of the person to whom the letter was addressed, and the signature, have returned the letter unread to Mr. Pope; but then a very high-minded man is willing to run certain risks, and to forego certain advantages, rather than cease for a moment to be himself.

As to the contents of the letter thus submitted to the public inspection, they are bad, but not at all above the ordinary measure of the depravity of faction. A project is disclosed for inducing a Member of Parliament to vacate his seat under the temptation of a place, at a moment of great public peril, and without regard to his duty towards his constituents. The promise of a nomination to the Senate is proposed as a bribe to a wealthy man to expend money in carrying an election for the Government, while means probably of the same kind are to be employed in order to induce a third person to withdraw his claims. Such is the machinery which, in the hands of no inactive or hesitating engineers, is now no doubt at work all over the country; and by the operation of which a great question of public morality, and one involving in no ordinary degree the destinies of the nation, is likely to be decided. Such, we must add, are the inevitable consequences of party government in a country where parties are not, and cannot be, founded on real differences of principle.

We have approached this subject not only with pain but with disgust. It was certain that in dealing with it honestly we should give offence to one party or to both. We have in fact given offence to both, as Ministerialists, who fancy that we are taking the part of the Opposition, may satisfy themselves by reference to the leading organ of the Grits. But there is one party to which we trust we have not given offence—that party, however small in number, which, regardless of the objects of either faction, demands of public writers and public men only an unswerving allegiance to the interest and the honour of the country. We would far rather deal with general than with personal questions: if we are compelled to deal with personal questions, we would far rather be on the side of acquittal than on that of condemnation. Stern facts and duty to the nation have obliged us in this in-

stance to condemn, in common with many who desire as little as we do to place the country under the narrow and exclusive rule of the party opposed to the Government. But every public man, to whatever party he may belong, however widely he may differ from us in opinion, provided that he keeps the path of honour and tries to do his duty to Canada, may feel assured that in the hour of his unpopularity and depression, when he is borne down by the malice of rivals or by the fury of a mob, the little that we can do will most heartily be done to render justice to his merits and to guard his name.

Our task would have been even more hateful than it has been if the question had been merely personal, and had it not been fraught with a great public lesson. But it is fraught with a great public lesson. Such, we repeat, is party government; such it is, and such it will be in ever-increasing measure, whatever party may prevail, in a country where, there being no questions of principle, party inevitably becomes faction, and faction as inevitably subsists by corruption. We are not without hope indeed, that some effect has already been produced, and that the better men in Parliament begin to feel the necessity, at all events, of some combination less narrow, less devoid of definite principle, and more national than either of the two whose struggle for power has taken a form so full of danger and discredit to the country.

In England, the Gladstone Government continues its process of moulting, but without much prospect of eventually being stronger on the wing. It seems that the object is partly to make room for some representatives of the Radical section of the party, which at present is in a state of disaffection verging on open mutiny. But this death-bed concession comes too late. The elections still go against the Government, and from the same causes as before, the Liberals being rather

sulky and divided than actually outnumbered. After the refusal of the Conservative leaders to take office, the opportunity of a fresh departure was afforded to the Ministers, and had they then reconstructed and infused more vigour into their policy, they might possibly have turned the tide; but the opportunity was allowed to slip. It is noticed that Mr. Forster, whose Education measure, or rather his mode of advocating it, which was such as to excite strong suspicions of treachery, did at least half the mischief, alone seems to be exempted from reconstruction, and even from the criticism which is bestowed in unstinted measure by the candid friends of the Administration upon his less offending colleagues; and the fact is by some ascribed to his having "got at" the editors of journals. It is obvious that the *Spectator* is his trumpet; whether his fascinations have extended to other organs we cannot tell. But the secret connections of public men with editors behind the mask of journalistic independence are fast becoming a serious element in politics, and one menacing alike to the integrity of journalism and the honesty of public life. On this subject, too, the letters of Sir Hugh Allan afford some instructive reading. A really independent newspaper is nowadays a thing which the public does not often get, and when it does will do well to keep.

In the general silence and emptiness of the Parliamentary vacation, a considerable stir and clatter have been made by a speech of Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, where he resides with his brother-in-law, Sir Stephen Glyn, recommending the parish not to accept educational aid from the State, but to have a Church school of its own. The party of State education cries treason through all its organs, and calls the world to witness that the Premier has at length betrayed the reactionary policy on which he has all along been acting under a Liberal disguise. Mr. Gladstone explains that he spoke not with refer-

ence to the general principle, but to the local circumstances of the parish ; but the malcontents, as might have been expected, are not above half satisfied with the explanation. The incident in fact points, not to any treachery on Mr. Gladstone's part, but to the awkward inconsistency of his ecclesiastical with his political position. In the two great masses of opposite opinion which, under variously modified forms, are colliding with each other in every European country, England not excepted, the ecclesiastical element is closely connected with the political ; the great questions touching human nature and man's destiny, with which religion is concerned, and by which the religious world is now divided, are in reality at the centre of the whole ; and the conflict between private judgment and authority in the Church is the conflict between liberty and submission in the State. Progress and Reaction alike claim the allegiance of the whole man. But Mr. Gladstone belongs politically to Progress, ecclesiastically to Reaction. Drifting rather than deliberately passing with the other lieutenants of Sir Robert Peel from the Conservative party, with which they accidentally broke on the question of the Corn Laws, to the Liberals, he gradually changed his political sentiments, but his ecclesiastical sentiments and associations he did not change. His most intimate connection was with the late Bishop of Winchester, and he promotes High Churchmen as often as he can venture, not only in the Church, but in the State. The same influence betrays itself in his marked leaning to an alliance with the priesthood in Ireland. He is always trying to draw up his army across instead of along the real line of division ; and the consequence is that one wing of it is always breaking away.

Mr. Bright had condemned the educational policy of the Government in the strongest terms ; his return to office is, therefore, naturally construed as an indica-

tion that the policy will be changed ; and the Secular Education League, which has been waging war against Government candidates in the elections, has accordingly suspended hostilities till Mr. Bright's re-election for Birmingham, when it is presumed he will declare his own views and those of the Government.

On the other hand, the election for Shaftesbury, in which the Government candidate was again defeated, was marked by the definitive secession of a part of the Grosvenor family (the family of the colossally wealthy Marquis of Westminster), which will no doubt be followed by the rest, from the Liberal to the Conservative party. After ages of traditional and historic Liberalism, and after giving martyrs to the Liberal cause, the great Whig houses are at last beginning to feel the natural bias of rank and wealth, and to range themselves with the rest of the privileged and wealthy class. The truth is, their original Liberalism was closely connected with their possession of the confiscated Church lands, and their fear that the booty might be resumed if Rome or High Anglicanism triumphed with the reactionary House of Stuart. Their presence at the head of the Liberal party has hitherto prevented that party from becoming democratic, and has at the same time afforded to aristocracy the security of having two necks instead of one. Henceforth, probably, the dividing line of English parties will coincide with the dividing line of property and class ; the section, as is said, instead of being in some degree vertical, will be entirely horizontal, and it is not without reason apprehended that the struggle may assume a more virulent and dangerous form. Conservative journals are even hinting to the Whig houses that they had better stay where they are ; but it is absurd to suppose that particular men or families will allow themselves to be detailed to act and speak against their own convictions and their own social tendencies, for the

purpose of regulating the action of a political machine.

Reaction exhibits itself grotesquely but instructively in the pilgrimage undertaken by eight hundred English men and women (women, of course, largely preponderating among the laity), under the auspices of Archbishop Manning, with the Premier Duke of England at their head, and probably many a fervent convert from Anglicanism to Rome among their number, to Paray-le-Monial, the abode of the enthusiast Margaret Mary Alacoque, who, having a disease in her side, fancied that the Saviour had taken her heart from her body and placed it in his own. The exceptionally apocryphal character of the miracle, which is not attested by the seal of the Church, is no doubt felt by the devotees to lend additional emphasis and piquancy to this act of faith performed in the face of a materialistic and incredulous world. It has been justly observed that the French pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial and La Salette have at least the dignity attending an access of devotion, however misdirected, in a time of national affliction; but if the English imitation has any dignity, it is derived from the patronage of the Premier Duke. The pilgrims appeared to have encountered no fiends or Saracens on the road, and indeed to have been preserved (perhaps by miracle) from anything more corresponding to the toils and sufferings which beset the path of mediaeval pilgrimage to the Holy Land than a railway journey the length of which was rather fatiguing to the ladies, and some overcharges at the buffets. It is admitted on all hands that the ecclesiastical pageant on the occasion of their departure was most imposing; and perhaps a moral concerning the value of ecclesiastical pageantry may be extracted from the fact. Will the Pope rejoice? Of course he will profess to do so; but he is an Italian, and almost every Italian has some sense.

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, in his "Liberty,

Equality, and Fraternity," avows himself not only a disbeliever in Christianity, but a sceptic as to the existence of God and a future state. His attacks are directed not only against the aberrations of Mr. Mill, and the extravagances of the Romanists and Communists, but against the Christian principle of brotherhood, and the cardinal Christian doctrine that we are members one of another. For social Christianity he wishes to substitute the rule of force, not to say of hatred. He is in fact the Hobbes of a plutocratic Restoration. That his treatise should be welcomed and reproduced as it is by Conservative organs is therefore another and a very momentous sign of the times. Paray-le-Monial and the philosophy of Hobbes are rather strange allies; but the two sections will vote together.

The name of Sir Garnet Wolseley, who has been appointed to the command against the Ashantees, would in itself be enough to turn the eyes of Canadians to the destined scene of his exploits. But the war is full of importance for all who share the fortunes of the Empire. It appears not unlikely to confer on England the greatness, if it be greatness, and to impose on her the burdens of an African as well as an Indian Empire. A civilized power brought into territorial contact with anarchic barbarians is practically compelled to assume the part of a conqueror. The barbarians invariably commit aggressions; war is made upon them, and they are defeated; they cannot be bound by treaties; and the only alternative is to annex and govern them. By this law the Indian Empire grew; a survey of its history will show that from the attack of Surajah Dowlah upon Calcutta, which was the occasion of our first conquests, down to the invasion of our territory by the Sikhs, which was the occasion of our last conquest, the Empire has been extended in consequence of victories gained over barbarian powers in defensive war. Our Indian statesmen have been always trying to set bounds to the ex-

tension ; but the force of nature has always been too strong for them. Such was the progress of aggrandizement in the case of the Roman Empire of old. Such it has been in the case of the Russian Empire in our own day, the extension of which was sure to continue, even in the absence of any fixed plan of ambition, till it reached the confines of another civilized power. It is stated that behind the Ashantees there are other savage tribes without limit ; in that case there will be no limit to the extension of the English Empire in Africa. The Ashantees will be conquered and disarmed. Being disarmed, they will become unwarlike, like the once warlike people of Mysore. They will then be aggressed upon by their more warlike neighbours, as they aggress upon the Fantees now. England will have to take arms in defence of her dependents ; another war, another victory, and the annexation of another province will ensue. The prospect is serious, though at present it is impossible for Great Britain to draw back.

The defeat of General Butler in Massachusetts, for the governorship of which he was a formidable candidate, is cheering news to all who have an interest in the political morality of this continent. The *New York Herald*, the vivid language of which we have always pleasure in quoting, says : " Ben Butler has been wrapped up for the present in his political shroud and bottled," adding, with rich exuberance of metaphor, that he has " run down beyond winding up." The General's unrivalled buoyancy, and his more than rhinocerine impenetrability to the moral effects of defeat, and to all moral effects and influences whatever, forbid us to feel so confident that he will never throw off his shroud, unbottle himself, and wind himself up ; but for the present he is beaten, and the honour of Massachusetts is saved. It has been the rare fortune of the General to be greatly calumniated and richly to de-

serve it. The atrocities and robberies commonly imputed to him will not find a place in history ; they were myths—the atrocities entirely so, and the robberies, so far as Butler was personally concerned—bred by the passionate fancy of the hot Southern people, writhing under the odious yoke of Northern conquest. Though coarse, he is not cruel, but good-natured ; and his wealth, made by successful practice as a lawyer of the Old Bailey stamp, placed him above temptation to theft, of which, indeed, he was formally acquitted upon an inquiry instituted after his fiasco at Fort Fisher, when his popularity was at its lowest ebb. Though, like the other civilian generals, he failed in arms, he rendered his party, by his resource and energy, great services during the war ; and his quiet and bloodless maintenance of order in New York, at a very perilous crisis, showed that, with a moral sense to back his administrative power, he might have won himself an honourable name. But his course as a politician since the war has been such, that in him alone Simon Cameron and William Tweed have found their peer. The three, however, though equal in eminence, are eminent in different lines : Cameron as an intriguer and an adept in corruption ; Tweed as a peculator ; Butler as a demagogue. Round Butler all the elements of evil, thrown to the surface by the seething cauldron of civil war, have gathered as their chief ; in him all the evil passions engendered by civil war have found their orator. He advocated Repudiation ; he was the leader in the infamous attempts to coerce the Senate into a condemnation of President Johnson ; he was the engineer of the back-pay grab ; he is the chief supporter of carpet-bagging government in the South. His whole career has been a summary of all that is evil in an American politician, except peculation ; for it is instructive to remark that this man, who spreads corruption and demoralization round him, can still say that of actual theft " his hands are clean." Massachusetts is not

always amiable, but she is moral ; and when one of her choice districts sent Butler to Congress, it was not only a scandal but a sign of moral peril to the Union. Notwithstanding his bitter quarrel with Grant, Butler has of late chosen to support the Administration, of which he has been one of the chief pillars, and which, in his defeat, receives a rebuke if not a serious blow, while the fear of Cæsarism, so agitating to the soul of the *New York Herald*, will be in some degree allayed. That a second re-election of Grant is a dream of the Washington placeholders and of their army of greedy satellites throughout the country is more than possible ; and as we have said before, the power of this army, and the continuance of military government at the South, are fraught with real danger to the integrity of American institutions ; but the great mass of American citizens, including the farmers to a man, are still, as we believe, thoroughly loyal to the Republic.

The defeat of Butler is one among a number of signs that, though great evils and great scandals still exist, though Cameron leads the Senate, though Tweed defies justice, though the Credit Mobilier disclosures are recent, though almost every week brings from some part of the Union tidings of administrative malversation more or less grave, the tendency of public morality on the whole is upward. Its rise would be greatly accelerated if it were possible for the honest and patriotic citizens, of whose presence in no scanty numbers every one really acquainted with American society must feel assured, could act together in the interest of the commonwealth, and loosen the fell yoke of the party organizations, through which the wirepullers nullify the franchise, and impose a government of their own creatures on the country.

The City Council of New York has not yet levied upon any one a tax amounting to thirty per cent. of his income, yet the ever-increasing burden of municipal taxation

is at last beginning to tell on the commercial prosperity of that enormously wealthy city. Great companies, we are told, are transferring their head-quarters to other places. If people fancy that a city cannot be ruined by municipal misgovernment and extortion, they never were more mistaken in their lives. Great commercial cities have owed their growth to the asylum which they afforded to trade, driven by such oppression from its former seats. But the day is not far distant when municipal government will become the great question of this continent.

A double illustration of the national tendency to inflation and collapse has been afforded by the bursting of the great balloon and the simultaneous bursting of the firm of Jay Cooke and a number of other highly speculative houses in New York. Railroads appear in the latter case to be the main cause. The Government flies with the public resources to the aid of Wall Street, forgetting, or forced by the menaces of the brokers to disregard the fact, that the funds which it holds in trust are the earnings of the whole community, and cannot be, without a breach of trust, applied, directly or indirectly, to the relief of sectional imprudence. The lesson which a crash teaches will be lost ; gambling speculation will go on with increased rashness ; and in a short time a greater crash will ensue. An honest trader, failing through inevitable accident and pulling nobody down with him, as he cannot bully the Government, is left unaided to his fate.

An ecclesiastical movement in the opposite direction to that of Paray-le-Monial is indicated by the meeting of Evangelical Christians of all nations at New York, to which England sends the Dean of Canterbury and a Chaplain of the Primate. While the process of disintegration and splitting up into sects is advancing on the one hand, on the other there is a growing desire for union on broad principles wherever such union is possible ;

that is, among all the Churches lying between Rome on the one side and Unitarianism on the other, including the Evangelical section of the English Establishment, which is in fact a different Church from the Ritualistic section, being opposed to it not merely on questions of secondary dogma or Church government, but with regard to the very source and nature of spiritual life. To the historical eye the differences between the Evangelical Churches (the term is historically more correct as well as more significant than Protestant) certainly appear rather accidental than essential. In Germany, the question whether a district should be Lutheran or Calvinist was decided almost entirely by the will of its political rulers. The retention of Episcopacy alike in England and in the Lutheran Church of Sweden was evidently due to the influence of the monarch, who in both cases made the Reformation, and who felt the congeniality of Episcopacy to Monarchy, frankly expressed in the saying of James I. : "No Bishop, no King." A more democratic form of Church government was as naturally adopted by the Republican Protestants of Switzerland, by the insurgent Huguenots of France, and by the Scotch in the practical suspension of monarchy which prevailed during the reign of Mary Stuart. Doctrinal or even liturgical difference of moment between John Knox and the English Reformers there was none. It would be more easy than gratifying to dogmatic theologians to trace the subsequent influence of wars, of party struggles, such as the struggle of the Covenanters against the Stuarts in Scotland, and the conflict between the Calvinist House of Orange and its antagonists in Holland, of national character, of political and social accident of various kinds, in intensifying and perpetuating differences of opinion, which the Protestant leaders among whom they first arose would have been ashamed to regard as permanent and irreconcilable schisms in the Reformed Church. We should not be far from the truth in saying that

the divisions among Protestant Churches are the stereotyped political antagonisms of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Wesleyanism, almost alone, perhaps, of the larger organizations, may be said to have been developed in antagonism to nothing except the scepticism, profanity and vice of England in the eighteenth century. Once formed, however, the separate Churches became more and more estranged from each other by controversy, while vested interests, clerical and educational, grew up, which effectually barred any approach to reunion. The divisions of the Presbyterian bodies on this continent, where, there being no establishment, there can be no question as to the relations between Church and State, are to an outsider unintelligible ; yet, vested interests evidently make reunion very difficult. But the menacing pressure of Ultramontanism on the one hand, and the rapid spread of scepticism on the other, have produced an effective desire for Evangelical union, especially among the laity, whose regard for sectarian dogma has, by the general course of thought, been diminished, while their regard for the practical portions of Christianity has increased ; and this desire is probably about to bear fruit.

New life might be breathed into the languid frame of English Liberalism, and even perhaps into the still more languid frame of the Gladstone Government, by any signal turn of fortune in favour of the party of Progress in Europe. But in France the Monarchical and Sacerdotal Reaction appears to be still strong, while the union between Ultramontanism and Legitimism is more marked than ever. The Protestants have been making a demonstration against the restoration of Monarchy, and with good reason, so far as their religious interests are concerned, for they would soon feel the tyranny of the priestly supporters of the Bourbon Throne. Fusion, however, still hangs fire ; and if it was impossible to reconcile

the two branches of the House of Bourbon which are pretenders to the Throne of Spain, though Isabella is at least as great a bigot as Carlos, it can hardly be easy to reconcile the French Bourbons of the White Flag with those of the Tricolour, whatever family amenities may have passed between the Count de Chambord and the Count de Paris, in their meeting at Frohsdorf. Henry V., to do him justice, adheres to his principle, and frankly avows himself an aspirant only to a despotic and Ultramontane throne. This, the Orleanist must know, means a speedy counter-revolution; for though French society has not yet been sufficiently liberalized to bear a Radical Republic, it has been too much liberalized to bear a repetition of Madame de Maintenon and Père la Chaise. *The Revue des Deux Mondes*, the best index of a wise Conservatism in politics, as well as the great literary organ of France, observes that under such a monarchy as the Legitimists seek to restore, there could be no valid guarantee for constitutional rights. "The traditional laws, the alliance of Church and State, a reaction against the modern spirit and modern institutions, such is the monarchy of which the programme was traced the other day at Paray-le-Monial, in a correspondence between a hundred Legitimist deputies and Pius IX. The undertaking, let us say at once, is a difficult one, even for statesmen of such genius as the 'uncompromising' Legitimists of the Assembly of Versailles.

That the Count de Chambord, accustomed as he is to live in the religious sentiment of the royalty of which he is the heir, a stranger to France for forty-three years, should sometimes indulge illusions and mistake the real moral, religious and political state of our country, is not surprising; it is the duty of his friends to enlighten him, to tell him that France, with her greatness and her failings, is not what she is represented to him as being. Such as she is, the France of flesh and blood is the modern France. Assuming that she

has been going astray for the last century, that she has yielded to aberrations which she has terribly expiated, that she is the victim of superstition in clinging to the flag which she has covered with her blood, and which her heart has followed in defeat as well as in victory, all this is henceforth her life and a part of her being. It is with this that rulers have to reckon if they would keep terms with realities. Let us speak frankly: to attempt to turn the whole course of the country back, to repeat to it daily that it must disavow its most cherished ideas and ask pardon for an existence of eighty years, is a pitch of arrogance too great for any one; and in any case it is a strange way of re-establishing monarchy to present it as a public penance. The best way of enlightening the Count de Chambord is to show him the two paths which he has before him, in one of which he may find France, in the other he will find only children and sectaries."

It is assumed on all hands that if the Restoration takes place, an attempt to restore the temporal power of the Pope and an aggression upon Italy for that purpose will ensue. Italy will receive the support of Germany as the great antagonist at once of the Papacy and of France. A conflict will then follow in which those who cast the horoscope of nations through the Apocalypse will see their Armageddon; in which the Papacy, at all events, will find victory or doom.

At present, however, the chances appear to be in favour of the continuance of a Conservative Republic as a provisional constitution, with MacMahon as its President; and if this state of things lasts until the outburst of religious feeling evoked by the calamities of the war has had time to subside, and the political panic caused by the Commune has abated, as there will be a general unwillingness to risk another revolution, the provisional will probably become final, and the prophecy of the First

Napoleon, that in fifty years Europe would be Republican or Cossack, will have been fulfilled, so far as France is concerned.

In Spain, Castelar has become Dictator. The greatest orator of his nation, perhaps of Europe, he has hitherto declined office, and is supposed to be wanting in administrative power, which is a very different thing from eloquence, though Chatham made a good War Minister. Castelar's reputation for integrity is, however, as high as possible; the image which he presents of pure-souled patriotism may touch the hearts of the people; and if he wields power ably and lays it down honestly, a check may be put to the feeling, which has been growing in Europe since the triumph of Louis Napoleon and his accomplices, not without assistance from such philosophies as that of Mr. Buckle, that morality belongs to Sunday-schools, that success is virtue, and that clever scamps are the proper objects of our political adoration.

The crisis which rendered a Dictatorship inevitable appears to have been brought on by violent differences of opinion in the Cortes as to the proper mode of dealing with the excesses of the extreme party, or *Intransigentes*, always the great difficulty and the great danger of the leaders of revolutions. Never did Cromwell himself give so high a proof of his ability and firmness as in the repression of the Levellers. The comparatively weak men who led the French revolution totally failed in the performance of this arduous duty, and allowed the movement to fall completely into the hands of the Jacobins, the counterparts of *Intransigentes*, who turned France into a Bedlam and a slaughter-house. Even a man of courage, if he is at all wavering in conviction or uncertain as to the goal to which he desires to guide the movement, may hesitate to face about at the critical moment on the anarchical extravagances of those who up to a certain point have been his friends.

Federalism is postponed, and with reason, the perfectly united energies of the whole nation being required for the present to suppress anarchy and defeat Carlism. Anarchy appears to be driven to its last lair in Carthage. By its overthrow Carlism practically loses a powerful ally, and the Carlist forces, while, with the aid furnished them by reactionists in other countries, they hold their own in the Northern districts, do not seem to be gaining ground. Don Carlos has published his programme. It is despotism and intolerance; the latter qualified by very precarious assurances that the Inquisition shall not be restored, and that Protestants shall have liberty of private worship. This is to bid Spain go again into her sepulchre and allow the stone to be once more rolled to the door.

The greatest allowance is due to a nation the very soul of which was burnt out by the Inquisition, as the more serious and nobler element of the French character was expelled from France by the extermination of the Huguenots. The brutal and lawless populace whose excesses have disgraced the Spanish cities, and brought the country to the verge of destruction, is the offspring of past misgovernment continued through centuries—centuries the chronic wretchedness of which was perhaps as horrible as the sharp agony of the present hour, while the darkness was not then, as now, illumined by a ray of hope.

In the terror spread by the cruise of the insurgent iron-clad *Numancia*, we have a warning of what might happen to any country in case of war. One of these floating fortresses might destroy the whole mercantile marine of this country, and lay all our maritime cities under contribution. The British Admiral and the British Government appear to have acted with spirit and in full accordance with every rational view of international law. It is absurd to suppose that liberated convicts, under pretence of

propagating anarchy, can be allowed to turn buccaneers.

The tidal wave of European change has reached even remote Iceland, where a movement is on foot in favour of nationality. Iceland was peopled by the hardest and most adventurous offset of that hardy and adventurous race which founded not only the Scandinavian kingdoms, but the Norman kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, the Duchy of Normandy, the Norman Principalities of Apulia and Sicily ; which placed a dynasty on the throne of Russia, which showed its robust vitality by colonizing Greenland, which is supposed to have discovered America, which, first of all maritime races, disdained the timid habits of primitive navigation, and instead of hugging the shore, revelled in its tiny barques amidst the billows of the broad Atlantic. When Monarchy and Christianity together prevailed in their native Scandinavia, the true sons of Thor and freedom took to their ships and founded amidst the weird Icelandic scenery a republic which preserved to a comparatively late epoch the pristine image of the heroic age. Subsequently becoming a dependency of Denmark, Iceland finds that, like other dependencies, she is governed for the advantage of the imperial country, not for her own, and she aspires herself to be a nation.

Her secession, if it takes place, may combine with the final loss of North Schleswig, which Bismarck refuses to restore, to bring on a crisis in the affairs of Denmark. Denmark is in fact the seaboard of Germany, isolated from the continent to which it belongs, and therefore unprosperous, notwithstanding the maritime qualities of its population. Poverty breeds moral debasities, and Denmark stands high in the statistic of crime. It appears that she is also afflicted with Socialism. The Royal Family is German, and we should not be surprised if it were to seek relief from its embarrassments and dangers by entering the German Bund. The independence of Denmark has been diplomatic servitude to France, in her alliances with which she has always suffered the fate of the dwarf in his alliance with the giant. She was all but involved in the late Franco-German war ; and Bismarck's high-handed refusal to restore Schleswig is palliated, if not justified, by the facts that the stipulation was originally imposed by France, and that Germany was compelled to detach the army of Von Falkenstein, while engaged with France in front, to guard herself against the impending attack of Denmark in the rear. Small states may claim respect ; but they cannot expect a chartered liberty of aggression.

SELECTIONS.

SALONS.

The following Selection is from a volume of Essays by Mr. Hayward, Q. C., well known as the translator of "Faust," but still better known in the social and literary circles of England as a brilliant journalist and reviewer. His style has been formed in the best school—the most cultivated drawing-rooms of England. Few men know more of the world, and few tell an anecdote better.

THE club is an essentially masculine institution: the seat, the central point of female influence is the *salon*; and an important social question is consequently involved in the fact that clubs have multiplied and thriven in England, whilst the *salon* can scarcely be said to have taken root or prospered largely out of France. So little, indeed, is the institution understood in this country, that we shall probably be required at the outset to explain the precise meaning of the term; and we are not aware that we can supply a better description or definition than we find at the commencement of one of the books which we propose to use as the text-books of this article:

"When we speak of *salons*," says Madame Ancelot, "it is well understood that a *salon* has nothing in common with those numerous *fêtes* where we crowd together people, strangers to one another, who do not converse, and who are there only to dance, to hear music, or to display dresses more or less sumptuous. No, that is not what is called a *salon*. A *salon* is an intimate *réunion*, which lasts several years, where we get acquainted and look for one another: where we are glad to meet, and with good reason. The persons who receive are a tie between those who are invited, and this tie is the closer when the recognised merit of a clever woman (*femme d'esprit*) has formed it.

"But many other things are required to form a *salon*: congenial habits, ideas, and tastes; that urbanity which quickly establishes relations, *allows talking with everybody without being acquainted—which in the olden time was a proof of good education, and of familiarity with circles to which none were admitted otherwise than on the supposition of their being worthy to mix with the greatest and best.* This continual exchange of ideas makes known the value of each: he or she is most welcome who brings most agreeability, without regard to rank or fortune; and

one is appreciated, I might almost say loved, for what one has of real merit: the true king of this kind of republic is the mind (*esprit*)!"

"There were formerly in France many *salons* of this kind, which have given the tone to all the *salons* of Europe. The most cited were those in which was carried farthest the art of saying good things well, of pouring forth mind, of diffusing it to be born anew, and of multiplying it by contact. Many of these *salons* have acquired celebrity, and if they have been less numerous and less before the public in our time, it is that, in general, intelligence has been more actively employed, and, moreover, that politics have made such a noise as prevented anything from being heard."

Politics, we regret to say, have had a still worse effect on France than preventing anything from being heard: they have also gone far towards preventing anything from being said—that is, anything frankly, freely, or carelessly—anything which could be twisted to the disadvantage of the speaker; and the complete absence of distrust is essential to the *salon*. It is for this reason, probably, that the printed experiences of Mesdames de Bassanville and Ancelot break off some twenty-five years back, when gentlemen and ladies had not begun to look round them in a crowded room before alluding to any of the topics included in the well-known *Index Expurgatorius* of Figaro: "either to authority, or religion, or morality, or to people in place, or to people out of place, or, in short, to anything that really concerns anybody."

The work of the Comtesse de Bassanville is a posthumous publication, with a preface by the editor, who states that "the happy *apropos* of her birth placed her on the limits of two worlds, at the moment when the old society

which was crumbling was confronted with the new society which was preparing to succeed it." The doors of both, he adds, were opened to her by her connections. Her sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Laviano, Neapolitan Ambassador at Paris, introduced her to Princess de Vaudemont. Her father was the intimate friend of Isabey, the painter; and one of her uncles had made the campaign of Egypt with Bourrienne. She was also related to the great Parliamentary families of Provence, through whom she became free of the *salon* of the Comtesse de Rumfort.

Madame Ancelot, the wife of the dramatic author and academicien, was herself the mistress of a very agreeable *salon*, which boasted a fair sprinkling of notabilities. She was honourably distinguished both in literature and art, and her attractions were not limited to her intellectual gifts or accomplishments. She was *in* as well as *of* the world which she undertakes to portray: she puts down little or nothing at secondhand; and her sketches are almost always redolent of reality and life. She is so wedded to self-dependence that she has not even ventured on an introductory retrospect of the brilliant *salons* or circles of antecedent periods, like those when the *Précieuses* assembled in the Hôtel Rambouillet, or the Du Deffants and D'Epinays (as described by Sydney Smith) "violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers." The only instance in which she trusts to tradition, confirmed by personal impressions of a later date, is in describing the *salon* of Madame Le Brun, which was founded prior to the Revolution of 1789, and, renewed repeatedly at long intervals, survived the Revolution of July.

Madame Le Brun was largely endowed with all the chief requisites for the position at which she aimed. She had beauty, charm of manner, and celebrity—that kind of celebrity, too, which necessarily brings the possessor into direct contact with other first-class celebrities. She was the female Reynolds or Lawrence of her day: perhaps the most successful portrait-painter of her sex that ever lived. She was elected a member of all the continental academies of painting, and was on the point of being invested with the cordon of St. Michel when the old monarchy was swept away. She visited most of the European capitals, where her fame had preceded her; and her success kept pace with

her fame. She was received by Catherine of Russia with the same favour which had been lavished on her by her first patroness, the ill-starred Marie Antoinette; and she sent from Italy a picture (her portrait of Paëssillo) which, when placed alongside of a picture by David, extorted from him the bitter avowal: "One would believe my picture painted by a woman and the portrait of Paëssillo by a man."

It was Mademoiselle de Staël, we believe, who, when her little room was full, called out to the fresh arrivals on the staircase, "Attendez que mes sièges soient vides." Madame Le Brun was frequently in the same predicament in her small apartment of the Rue de Cléry, where, for want of vacant chairs, marshals of France might be seen seated on the floor; a circumstance rendered memorable by the embarrassment of Marshal de Noailles, an enormously fat man, who was once unable to get up again. The Comte de Vaudreuil, the Prince de Ligne, Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, La Harpe, with a host of great ladies, were amongst the throng, which also comprised a fair allowance of originals. A farmer-general, named Grimod de la Reynière, was conspicuous in this character, if only by dint of his hair, which was curled and puffed to a breadth and height that rendered the putting on of his hat an impossibility. A short man who occupied the seat behind him at the opera, finding the view completely obstructed, contrived little by little to perforate a seeing place through the mass with his fingers. Grimod de la Reynière never stirred during the operation or the performance, but when the piece terminated, he drew a comb from his pocket and calmly presented it to the gentleman, with these words: "Monsieur, I have permitted you to see the ballet at your ease, not to interfere with your amusement: it is now your turn not to interfere with mine: I am going to a supper party; you must see that I cannot appear there with my hair in its present state, and you will have the goodness to arrange it properly, or to-morrow we cross swords." The peaceful alternative was laughingly accepted, and they parted friends.

A similar adventure is related of Turenne in his youth, and ended less agreeably for the future hero, who had cut off the side curls of an elderly chevalier in the pit, in order to see better. The offended senior was one of the

best swordsmen in Paris, and Turenne was severely wounded in the duel that ensued. Not long after his recovery, he fell in with his old antagonist, who insisted on a renewal of the combat, with the pleasing intimation that a third or fourth meeting might still leave the satisfaction of wounded honour incomplete. Turenne was run through the sword-arm and confined to his room for some weeks, at the end of which he was thinking how best to evade the further consequences of his indiscretion, when he was opportunely relieved by the death of the chevalier.

The name is peculiar, and a Grimod de la Reynière was the editor and principal writer of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, which set the fashion of that semi-serious mode of discussing gastronomic subjects in which Brillat-Savarin shone pre-eminent, and which, we trust, will henceforth be dropped, for nothing can be worse than the taste and style of recent plagiarists and imitators. It was Grimod de la Reynière who said that a gala dinner occupied him five hours, although he could dispatch an ordinary one in three hours and a half, cautioning his readers not to infer that he was a bad breakfast-eater.

Another of Madame Le Brun's *habitués*, the Comte d'Espinhal, prided himself on knowing everybody belonging to what was termed society; and one night at an opera ball he gave a singular proof of the extent and accuracy of his information. Seeing a stranger much agitated, hurrying from one room to another and examining group after group, he volunteered to aid him in the search in which he was apparently engaged. The stranger stated that he had arrived that very morning from Orleans with his wife: that she had begged to be taken to the ball: that he had lost her in the crowd, and that she knew neither the name of their hotel nor that of the street in which they had been set down. "Make yourself easy," said M. d'Espinhal, "your wife is sitting in the *foyer* by the second window. I will take you to her." He did so, and on being asked how he had recognised her, he replied, "Nothing is more simple: your wife is the only woman in the ball that I do not know, and I took it for granted that she had just arrived from the country." The husband was profuse in his thanks; but we are left in doubt whether the wife was equally grateful for the discovery.

David, the painter, who attached an undue importance to social distinctions from want of early familiarity with people of rank, was blaming Madame Le Brun for receiving so many great lords and ladies. "Ah!" was her reply, "you are mortified at not being a duke or marquis; as for me, to whom titles are indifferent, I receive all agreeable people with pleasure." This was the secret of her success.

The second *salon* on Madame Ancelot's list is also that of a painter, Gerard, whose reputation, dating from the commencement of the century, speedily became European. He ended, we are told, by painting all the crowned heads of the Continent; and it was said of him that he was at once the painter of kings and the king of painters. His houses, in town and country, were open to the *élite* of every land who happened to be sojourning in Paris; and amongst his intimates are enumerated Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Cuvier, Humboldt, Rossini, Martinez de la Rosa, Alfred de Vigny, Beyle, Mérimée, &c., &c. "In whatever Gerard had set about," remarks Madame Ancelot, "he would have succeeded so as to have been found in the first line, and although born in an inferior condition, however high the rank to which he had attained, he would never have been a *parvenu*; he would have been an *arrivé*—arrived by the main road, in the light of day, in the sight, with the knowledge, and with the approbation of all." We should be puzzled to name an instance in which the distinctive merit of the French language is more strikingly illustrated than by the contrast of *arrivé* with *parvenu*.

Gerard's Wednesdays lasted with rare intermissions for thirty years; and their attractive character may be collected from the varied complexion and acquirements of the company. The evening of her matriculation, Madame Ancelot found Gerard relating as a fact what certainly sounds very like a fable or an acted proverb.

The scene is Florence. A young man of rank calls on a painter named Carlo Pedrero, to order a picture of Hymen. "There is no time to be lost. I want it the day before my marriage with the beautiful Francesca. The God of Marriage must be accompanied by all the Graces and all the Joys; his torch must be more brilliant than that of Love; the expression of his face must be more celestial, and his hap-

piness must appear to be borrowed more from heaven than from earth. Tax your imagination to the uttermost, and I will pay you in proportion."

"The painter surpassed himself: what he brought the day before the wedding was a genuine masterpiece; but the young man was not satisfied, and maintained that Hymen was far from being painted with all his charms. The artist took the criticism in good part; made the best excuse in his power on the ground of haste said that the colours would mellow with time; and took leave, promising to have the picture ready by the return of the bridegroom from his honeymoon trip. At the expiration of some months, the votary of Hymen came to claim the picture, and on the first glance exclaimed, 'Ah, you had good reason to say that time would improve your picture! What a difference! However, I cannot help telling you that the face of Hymen is too gay: you have given him a joy-beaming air which by no means belongs to him.' 'Sir,' replied the painter, laughing, 'it is not my picture that has changed, but your state of feeling. Some months ago you were in love, now you are—married.'"

Gerard had finished his story in the middle of the applauding merriment which it provoked, when one of the listeners struck in: "And do you know what happened afterwards?" Every eye turned to him. He was about the same age as Gerard, a little taller, with refined, intelligent and animated features, and his whole exterior conveyed the impression of a man of family, with distinction, carelessness and wit. He continued, smiling: "The painter, content with the price he had received, promised to represent Hymen so as to please both lovers and husbands, and after some months he opened his rooms to the public for the exhibition of this masterpiece, perhaps imprudently promised. The public came, but only a few were admitted at a time. The picture was placed in a long gallery, and quite at the end. The effect of the colours was so contrived as to render the portrait of Hymen appear charming to those who saw it from a distance, but, seen close, it was no longer the same, and nothing that had so charmed was discovered in it."

This ingenious and improvised continuation was duly applauded, not the less when the narrator stood confessed as one of the royalties of

science, Alexander von Humboldt. There is a story, however, that compresses the point of the narrative in two pithy sentences, that of the Irishman exclaiming: "During the first three months after my marriage I was so fond of my wife that I was ready to eat her up: at the end of the second three months I was sorry I did not."

We are introduced to the Duchesse d'Abrantes at the house of Madame Ancelot, exclaiming: "Qu'on a donc bien ainsi la nuit pour causer. On ne craint ni les ennuyeux ni les *créanciers*." Here was the secret; she was never out of debt, yet she would have her *salon*, whether in a palace or a garret; and distinguished friends flocked round her to the last. Her eldest son resembled her in improvidence. It was he who produced a piece of stamped paper with the remark: "You see this piece of paper. It is worth 25 centimes; when I have written my name at the bottom, it will be worth nothing." She was the widow of Junot, and descended from the imperial family of Comène. Balzac, after his presentation to her, exclaimed: "That woman has seen Napoleon in his infancy; has seen him a young man, still unknown; has seen him occupied with the common affairs of life; then she has seen him grow great, mount high, and cover the world with his name. She is to me like one of the blessed who should come and seat himself at my side, after having dwelt in heaven close to God." In his own lodgings he had erected a little altar to Napoleon with the inscription: "Ce qu'il avait commencé par l'épée, je l'achèverai par la plume."

Associated with this *salon* is the memory of the Marquise de Polastron, the heroine of a romantic passion which has well earned a record by its durability and effects. She was the beloved of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., whom she followed to England in 1792. She there gave herself up to devotion, and on her death-bed imparted her religious convictions to the Prince in the sincere and avowed hope of securing their reunion in a better world. Young, handsome and gallant as he was at this epoch, he promised complete fidelity which no time should alter. Madame Ancelot believes that he kept his word, and "on the throne as well as in exile, nothing could distract him from the austerity of a life, all the poetry of which was an ardent aspiration to-

wards that heaven where the woman he so fondly loved was expecting him."

It would be difficult to say anything new of Madame Récamier, or to improve upon Madame Mohl's sketch of her beautiful and fascinating friend; but there is a subdued and refined malice in Madame Ancelot's impressions of this celebrated lady and her *salon* that tempts us to borrow a trait or two. Despite her personal attractions, the charm by which she drew around her such a succession of illustrious admirers is pronounced, on careful analysis, to have been neither more nor less than flattery. She is compared to Sterne's beggar, who never failed to extort a donation from rich and poor, old and young, the most occupied and the most uncharitable, by a dexterous appeal to their self-love; and her stereotyped phrase in addressing an artist, writer, or orator of note, is reported to have run thus: "The emotion which I feel at the sight of a superior man prevents me from expressing, as I could wish, all my admiration, all my sympathy. But you guess—you comprehend—my emotion says enough."

This, or something like it, murmured in tremulous tones, with a befitting accompaniment of glances, seldom or never failed; and neither pains nor expense were spared to bring any one whom she especially wished to fascinate within reach of her spell. An amusing story is told of her hiring a house at Auteuil in order to get acquainted with a statesman in power who had taken up his temporary residence there for his health. The plot, we regret to say, failed; either for want of sufficient opportunity or by reason of the pre-occupation of the intended victim.

"The talent, labour and skill which she wasted in her *salon*" (says Tocqueville) "would have gained and governed an empire. She was virtuous, if it be virtuous to persuade every one of a dozen men that you wish to favour him, though some circumstance always occurs to prevent your doing so. Every friend thought himself preferred."

Chateaubriand, we need hardly state, was for many years the distinguishing feature of her *salon*, where he was worshipped (to borrow Beyle's simile) like the Grand Lama. When he deigned to talk, everybody was bound to listen; and nobody was allowed to talk a mo-

ment longer than seemed agreeable to the idol, who had well understood ways of intimating his wearisomeness or impatience. When he was moderately tired of the speaker, he stroked an ugly cat placed purposely on a chair by his side; when tired beyond endurance, he began playing with a bell-rope conveniently hung within reach. This was the signal for Madame Récamier to rush to the rescue, *côte qu'il coûte*. His deafness, too, was observed to come and go upon occasions; confirming Talleyrand's sarcastic remark that the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* lost his sense of hearing about the time when the world left off talking of him. His vanity was excessive, but he knew his weakness and could trifle with it; as Madame Ancelot bears testimony, by repeating his own story of what fell out at the first representation of his tragedy of *Moïse* at the Odéon theatre:

"I went to bed," he said, "not wishing to make any change in my habits, lest people should believe me anxious about the result." "But," added he, with a smile, "the fact is, I did not go to sleep, and I waited with impatience the arrival of my old servant, whom I had sent with directions to see and listen attentively, so as to give me an account of what took place. I was kept waiting a long time for his return, which induced me to hope that the piece had been acted to the end; and I was beginning to laugh at myself for refusing to receive news of my work through my friends, competent judges, and for expecting anxiously the opinion of my domestic, when he entered unceremoniously, excusing himself for arriving so late on the ground of the length of the spectacle, but saying nothing of what had happened. I was obliged to question him.

"Well, how did it go off?"

"Perfectly, Monsieur le Vicomte. They did indeed try to make a little noise."

"During the tragedy?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Vicomte, during the tragedy. But that did not last long, and they soon got merry again."

"Merry? during the tragedy?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur le Vicomte; I will answer for it that they were pleased in the pit where I was, for they never left off laughing, and saying such funny things that I laughed heartily too."

This may pair off with Charles Lamb's story of what occurred during the first (and only) representation of his farce, *Mr. H.* It had not gone far, when his neighbour in the pit turned round to him and said: "This is sad stuff, sir; I'll hiss if you'll begin."

Madame Mohl's reminiscences of Madame Récamier and her society gave a far more favourable and (we believe) correct impression of them. The following passage may afford a useful hint or two to any English aspirant to the honours of a *salon*:

"*Tête-à-têtes* in a low voice were entirely discouraged. If any of the younger *habitués* took this liberty, they received a gentle chiding in a real *tête-à-tête* when everybody was gone. There were generally from six to twelve persons. Madame Récamier sat on one side of the fireplace, the others round in a circle. Two or three stood against the chimney-piece, and spoke loud enough to be heard by all. Whoever had an observation to make contributed it to the common stock. Madame Récamier spoke little, but threw in an occasional word; or if a new person entered who happened to know anything of the subject going on, she would instantly question him, that the others might be aware of it; otherwise it was his place to try and understand."

Speaking of a person who had fine qualities, but who, from the violence of her feelings and the vivacity of her fancy, kept those she loved in perpetual agitation, Madame Récamier said: "Il n'y a que la raison qui ne fatigue pas à la longue." Equally suggestive is the maxim: "On ne plait pas longtemps si l'on n'a qu'une sorte d'esprit."

Madame Ancelot has devoted a chapter to the Vicomte d'Arlincourt, although neither his habits nor (during the greater part of his life) his means qualified him for the establishment of a *salon*. He was an amusing combination of talent, amiability and absurdity. His novel, *Le Solitaire*, and some others of his writings, attained temporary popularity; and he fairly attained the position of a distinguished man of letters, although he tried in vain to consolidate his title by one of the forty *fauteuils* of the Academy. He made up for this disappointment as he best might, by procuring all the foreign orders he could pick up, and on grand occasions he appeared with three stars, two broad ribands, and seventeen smaller decorations on his breast. Replying rather to a look than a remark directed towards them, he

exclaimed to Madame Ancelot: "I am expecting two more." In the three-fold capacity of Vicomte, legitimist, and man of letters, he was fond of coupling himself with Chateaubriand: "Paris," he would say, "cares for nothing but her two viscounts—the two great writers of the nineteenth century." His imitation of his illustrious parallel went to the length of writing a tragedy, *Le Siège de Paris*, which the audience persisted in treating as a comedy. One of the *dramatis personæ* is made to say:

"Mon vieux père, en ce lieu, seul à manger m'apporte."

This sounded and was understood as "seul a mangé ma porte;" on which a man in the pit called out: "The old fellow must have had good teeth;" and the joke was clamorously applauded. The author rubbed his hands, delightedly remarking, "C'est comme Chateaubriand, et comme Victor Hugo." This is the *vitiis imitabile* with a vengeance.

His legitimist opinions and his reputation procured him an invitation to Frohndorf, the residence of the exiled royal family, where he stayed a fortnight. On leaving he said to one of the suite, "How I pity these unhappy princesses," a burst of sentiment which seemed natural enough till he added, "How bored they will be when I have quitted the palace, for during the last fortnight I read my works aloud to them every evening."

We now turn to Madame de Bassanville, who has followed nearly the same plan as Madame Ancelot. Her characteristic traits and illustrative anecdotes are selected with equal tact, and she possesses the same talent of narration. She starts with the Princesse de Vaudemont, née Montmorency, *grande dame* to the tips of her fingers, although her face and figure ill qualified her for the part. She was not only short and red-faced, but plump and thin at the same time—that is, plump where she ought to be thin, and thin where she ought to be plump. Yet she carried off all her physical disadvantages by dint of air, manner, and address. Superior to exclusiveness, she attracted and received merit and distinction of all kinds and classes, on the one condition of agreeability. She made a point of being at home every evening, giving up balls, plays, concerts, and evening engagements, for years; and if by a rare accident she dined out, she was punctually at

home by nine; the visitors who preceded her being received in her absence by her *dame de compagnie*, Madame Leroy.

One of her most intimate friends was the Duchesse de Duras, who had resided in England during the emigration, and there made the acquaintance of a tall stiff nobleman, Lord Claydfort, whom some of our readers may succeed in identifying by the following anecdote narrated by her. During the Queen's trial he was on his way to the House of Lords, when his carriage was stopped by the mob, and he was required to join in the cry of "Long live the Queen!" "With all my heart, my friends; long live Queen Caroline, and may your wives and daughters resemble her!" Some good stories are told of Isabey, *à propos* of his *salon*. When the allied sovereigns met at Paris in 1815, he was commissioned to paint a picture of the Congress of Vienna, in which the whole of the members were to be introduced. "Monsieur," said the Duke of Wellington, "I consent to appear in your picture solely on condition that I occupy the first place; it is mine, and I insist upon it." "My dear friend," whispered Talleyrand, who represented France, "for your sake and mine, I ought to occupy the first place in your picture or not appear in it at all." How were these two pretensions to be reconciled? It must, notwithstanding, be done; and this is what the artist resolved on after the deepest reflection: "The Duke was represented entering the chamber of conference, and all eyes were fixed upon him; he might, therefore, believe himself the king of the scene; whilst Prince Talleyrand, seated in the central chair, had thereby the place of honour in the picture. Besides, Isabey persuaded the noble Duke that he was much handsomer seen in profile, because he then resembled Henry IV.; which so adroitly flattered his Grace that he insisted absolutely on purchasing the sketch of this picture, which is now in England, and ranks in the family of the noble lord as one of the most glorious memorials of his career." Of the internal probability of this story, which we have translated literally, it is for our readers to judge.

A difficulty of an opposite description was raised by William Humboldt (the diplomat), who had no reason to pride himself on his good looks, and was conscious of the fact. "Look at

me," was his reply to Isabey's request for a sitting, "and acknowledge that nature has given me so ugly a face that you cannot but approve the law I have laid down, never to spend a halfpenny to preserve the likeness for posterity. Dame Nature would have too good a laugh at my expense on seeing me sit for my portrait; and to punish her for the shabby trick she has played me, I will never give her that pleasure." Isabey did not despair, but simply requested Humboldt to allow him an hour's conversation the next morning. The request was granted, and when the picture appeared he exclaimed: "I determined to pay nothing for my portrait, and the rogue of a painter has taken his revenge by making it like!"

There is a dressmaker at Paris, named Worth, who professes to imagine and compose dresses according to the genuine principles of art: to blend and harmonise form and colour like a painter, with a studied view to effect. It is an understood thing when he has produced a *chef-d'œuvre*, that the favoured customer is to give him a private view, to be adjusted and touched up. In this treatment of the living form like a lay figure he was anticipated by Isabey, who whenever his wife wished to be more than ordinarily smart, undertook in person the pleasing task of attiring her in this fashion:

"When Madame Isabey was completely dressed all but her robe or gown, and had got together a sufficient stock of silk, gauze and laces, she sent for her husband, who proceeded to cut, shape, and pin on till the costume was complete." On one occasion, when cloth of gold and silver was the fashion, he made her a robe for a fancy ball with gold and silver paper pasted upon muslin, which, according to the chronicler, extorted the envy of many and the admiration of all. It should be added that everything became Madame Isabey, who was remarkably handsome.

Few women occupied a more distinguished position in the Parisian society of the last generation than the Comtesse Merlin. She had birth, wealth and accomplishment, besides agreeable manners and a warm heart. She was an amateur musician of the first class, and her concerts were of the highest excellence, for all the great composers and singers regarded her as a sister, and put forth their utmost powers when she called upon them.

"All the evenings (says Madame de Bassanville) were not consecrated to music. The arts, literature, science, even the futilities of the world, had their turn; but when I say futilities, I do not say sillinesses, for the intimate society of the countess included as many distinguished women as men of merit. To begin, there was the Princess Beljioso, patrician and plebeian combined; great lady and artist, uniting all the most opposite qualities, as if to show that, whether on the first or last rung of the world's ladder, she would have been out of the line. The Duchesse de Plaisance was then aiming at rivalry with her, and one evening they were talking of the *salon* of Madame Merlin. 'This *salon*,' said one of the ladies present, 'is a regular collection; everything is represented in it: the arts, by Malibran and Rossini; literature, by Villemain; poetry, by Alfred de Musset; journalism, by MM. Malitorne and Merle.' 'Beauty,' added Madame de Plaisance, eagerly, 'by Mdle. de Saint-Aldegonde; wit, by Madame de Balby.' 'And you, madame, what do you represent?' asked the Princess, with a bitter smile; for she thought herself entitled to two at least of the distinctions which were so lightly accorded to others. The Duchess, who reddened at this question, replied naively, with a charming smile, 'Mon Dieu, je ne sais pas—*vertu*, peut-être.' 'Nous prenez-vous donc pour des masques?' rejoined the Princess."

It was Madame Merlin who said "J'aime fort les jeux innocens avec ceux qui ne le sont pas." Her games, innocent or the contrary, were intended to bring out the talent of her society, which abounded in talent. At a single game of forfeits, M. Villemain was condemned to make a speech, M. Berryer to tell a story, Alfred de Musset to improvise another, and Philippe Dupin to compose a history on a given subject, *La Femme et le Chien*, on which he produced a charming one with a moral.

She proscribed politics, the more willingly because she was opposed to the liberal opinions in vogue; and she was fond of turning representative institutions into ridicule. Her favourite story on this subject ran thus:

"A colonist of St. Domingo, my respectable relative, had a mania for establishing a kind of domestic congress amongst his negroes. Everything was done by the plurality of votes, and, above all, they were recommended to vote according to their consciences. Nevertheless, the result was found to be always in accordance with the secret desire of the master. One day he took it into his head to establish a reform on several points of his administration.

He proposed, in my presence, to these good people to decree that henceforth the offender that hitherto had been punished with five lashes, should receive seven; that they should have twenty-five rations instead of thirty; and, lastly, that a part of their allowance should be kept back for the benefit of certain half-castes, who had nothing and rested while the others worked. Well—who would believe it?—these propositions, so adverse to their interests, were adopted by a large majority.

"'What stupid creatures these blacks are!' I exclaimed, when I was alone with my relative.

"'Less than you think,' replied he. 'They have been playing a comedy for my amusement. *Voilà tout!* Do you not remark that I have reserved to myself the right of putting the questions and collecting the votes? Well, that is the whole secret.' I comprehended at once; and yet this expedient, so simple, so easy, so natural, would never have occurred to me."

It is an expedient that readily occurred to the framer of the Imperial system of representation.

Count D'Orsay is frequently named in connection with this *salon* and two or three others, in which he may have been seen during his flying visits to Paris prior to his final return. All French writers will have it that he was the king of fashion in England for twenty years, and the following story is told in proof of his supremacy: "The Count was returning from a steeplechase when he was caught in a storm. Looking round him, he observed a sailor wrapped up in a loose overcoat of coarse cloth reaching to his knees. 'Will you sell your greatcoat?' said the Count, after tempting the sailor into a public-house by the offer of a dram. 'Willingly, my lord,' answered the sailor, pocketing the ten guineas offered him for a garment not worth one. The Count put it on, and rode into London. The storm had blown over, and he joined the riders in the Park, who all flocked round him with exclamation of 'C'est original! c'est charmant! c'est délicieux! No one but D'Orsay would have thought of such a thing. The day following all the fashionables wore similar overcoats, and behold the invention of the paletot, which, like the tricolour, has made the tour of the world."

The plain matter of fact is that D'Orsay was a very agreeable fellow, remarkable for social tact, good humour, and good sense. He exercised considerable influence in a particular set

at a time when the autocrats of fashion had been dethroned or abdicated, and the lower empire had begun. When he came upon the stage, men were getting careless of dress; they were sick of affectation, and a second Brummel was an impossibility. D'Orsay had very few imitators, and his notoriety rested on his singularity. We say his notoriety; for those who knew him well had a real regard for him on account of his fineness of perception, his geniality, and his wit. The Earl of Norwich, who took the lead among the *beaux esprits* in the Court of Charles I., was voted a bore at the Restoration. A somewhat similar fate befel D'Orsay when he returned to France with Lady Blessington, in 1848. His countrymen would nor or could not understand what the English had discovered in him. We happened to be with him at a large dinner, mostly made up of artistic, literary and political celebrities, when the conversation was directed to a topic on which he was admirably qualified to shine—the comparative merits of the English and French schools of painting. He talked his best and talked well, yet his failure was undeniable. He was quickly, almost contemptuously, put down.

The *salon* of the Comtesse de Rumfort is one of the most noteworthy recorded by Madame de Bassanville, but we can only find room for the sketch of one of her *habitués*, a female physician, a Yankee doctress, named Palmyra, who claimed an unbroken descent in the male line from Cortez, was pre-eminently beautiful, and appeared every day in the Tuileries gardens, between two hideous negresses who acted as foils. She only received patients of her own sex, and her fee for a consultation was more than treble what was commonly paid to the first regular physician in Paris:

"What do you suppose was her prescription? Jalaps, potions, bleedings, purges, tonics, leeches? Nothing of the kind. All that might do for MM. Diafoirus, Desfonandres, or Purgon. She prescribed amusements, new dresses, *fêtes*, balls, garlands of flowers, pleasure trips.

"She would say to one—'You are suffering from languor: you must go oftener to balls; I will teach you a new step.'

"To another—'Your weak point is your nerves. Your husband must give you a new set of dresses. This gown does not become you. Write directly to your dressmaker.'

"To a third—'You are wasting away. Yes, I understand—a diamond necklace must be administered by your husband.'

To a fourth—'Your pulse, which I have just felt carefully, demands a new equipage.'

"The fair patients went away delighted, and none of them regretted the fee of six crowns that was to cost the husband two or three thousand. What science! what a *coup d'ail*! what admirable therapeutics! Willingly would they have shouted out, '*Enfoncé, Hippocrate!*' as the romanticists shouted out at the commencement of the Revolution of 1830—'*Enfoncé, Racine!*' It is not recorded that the husbands were equally satisfied; and I imagine the contrary, for Palmyra disappeared one fine morning, without any one knowing what had become of her."

Madame de Bassanville has many more upon her list, which might be enlarged at discretion, for during most of the period of which she treats, almost every one with a large acquaintance and competent means took a day. To the best of our belief, based on personal knowledge, Alfred de Vigny conscientiously adhered to *his* for a full quarter of a century.

Social sway in France was at no time monopolised by Frenchwomen. The Russians were formidable competitors, especially the Princess Bagration, the Princess Lieven, and Madame Svetchine, whose *salon* exercised a marked influence on the religious movement of the age. The Americans were occasionally well represented, as by Mrs. Child, the daughter of General Henry Lee; and we remember when the best society were wont to meet in the *salon* of Madame Graham, the wife of a Scotch laird of moderate fortune.

We must turn to other sources than our two female reminiscents for the materials of a brief retrospect.

The *salons* of the seventeenth century have been rendered familiar to all conversant with modern French literature by M. Cousin, to whom it has been a labour of love to portray, analyse and speculate on the lives and characters of their founders and illustrations. The results of his researches have been ably and pleasantly compressed by Madame Mohl:

"Of the distinguished ladies of the seventeenth century," she remarks, "the Marquise de Rambouillet deserves the first place, not only as the earliest in the order of time, but because she first set on foot that long series of *salons* which for two hundred and

fifty years have been a real institution, known only to modern civilisation. The general spirit of social intercourse that was afloat; the great improvement in the education of women of the higher classes; and above all, the taste, not to say the passion, for their society, aided by the general prosperity under Henry IV., might indeed have created *salons*; but it is to Madame de Rambouillet's individual qualities that we owe the moral stamp given to the society she founded, which, in spite of all the inferior imitations that appeared for long after, remains the precedent which has always been unconsciously followed."

The famous Hotel, built after plans drawn by her, was situate in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, close to the Hôtel Longueville: both have been destroyed. It is described by Madame Scudéry as full of objects of art and curiosity. Around one room were the portraits of her most admired or cherished friends: a style of ornament which, prompted by the same kindly feeling and good taste, Frances Countess of Waldegrave has adopted with the happiest effect at Strawberry Hill. The drawing-room of the Hotel, then called a *cabinet*, had windows opening from top to bottom on gardens reaching to the Tuileries. This room led into others, forming a suite, a fashion introduced by her, as was also that of perfuming them with baskets of flowers hung about.

The origin of the French Academy has been clearly traced to the coterie which met in this drawing-room; one of their favourite pursuits being the improvement of the language. "Several words," says Madame Mohl, "were banished from conversation by the Marquise so completely that I could not venture even to quote them." Judging from words that have kept their ground, the queen of the *Précieuses* might have banished a good many more without being accused of prudery. She was tall, handsome and dignified, with a marked expression of sweetness and benevolence. "I loved her, I venerated her, I adored her. She was like no one else," exclaims the Grande Mademoiselle. Her charm was inherited by her eldest daughter, Julie, who exercised a joint influence at the hotel till she quitted it to marry the Marquis de Montausier; and three or four years afterwards, 1648, the intellectual intercourse of their circle was rudely interrupted by the Fronde.

Immediately after the cessation of political turmoil, Mademoiselle de Scudéry began her

famous Saturday evenings, to which M. Cousin alludes in his account of her society:

"As at first nothing was thought of but harmless amusement, these assemblies were for a long time free from pedantry. The habitual conversation was easy and airy, tending to pleasantries; the women, like those of the Hôtel Rambouillet, were correct without prudery or primness; the men were gallant and attentive, and surrounded them with the graceful homage which distinguished the best manners of the time. A slight shade of tenderness was allowed, but passion was entirely forbidden. The greatest stretch of gallantry was a certain semblance of Platonic love, and even this introduced now and then some slight jealousies."

Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who has drawn her own intellectual portrait under the name of Sappho, was very plain and dark-complexioned; a mortifying circumstance at a time when *blondes* were pre-eminently in vogue. But she had admirers in abundance, and her Platonic *liaison* with Pélisson is cited as a master-piece of that much calumniated species of tie. Describing it under her feigned name in the *Grand Cyrus*, she says:

"Phaon's love increased with his happiness, and Sappho's affection became more tender from the knowledge of the great love he had for her. No hearts ever were so united, and never did love join so much purity to so much ardour. They told all their thoughts to each other; they even understood them without words; they saw in each other's eyes their whole hearts, and sentiments so tender that the more they knew each other the more entire was their love. Peace was not, however, so profoundly established as to let their affection grow dull or languid; for although they loved each other as much as it is possible to love, they complained each in turn that it was not enough."

It must have been one of them who said of love that *trop* was never *assez*; and, despite their ugliness, they must have incurred frequent risk of verifying what Byron says of Platonics:

"Oh, Plato! Plato! you have paved the way,
With your confounded fantasies, to more
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
Your system feigns o'er the controlless core
Of human hearts, than all the long array
Of poets and romancers—you're a bore,
A charlatan, a coxcomb; and have been
At best no better than a go-between."

Madame de Scudéry's Saturdays did not last above five years, and Madame Mohl states that her assemblies never acquired the importance of those of the Hôtel Rambouillet or of Madame de Sablé, nor of many that succeeded each other through the eighteenth century down to those of Madame Récamier.

The Marquise de Sablé, to whom M. Cousin has devoted a volume, was the real successor to the Marquise de Rambouillet. She has been justly cited as one of the earliest instances of women, no longer young, rich, nor handsome, becoming more influential in the mellow evening of their lives than in the brilliant morning or the glowing noon. An admired beauty of the Court of Anne of Austria, she was a childless widow, past fifty, and without literary reputation, when her *salon* was at the height of its fame: when we find Mazarin noting down in his pocket-book the names of the personages of consideration that frequented it, concluding with this N. B. :—"Madame de Longueville is very intimate with Madame de Sablé: they talk freely of everybody. I must get some one into her assemblies to tell me what they say."

Richelieu had manifested the same anxiety to know what was going on at the Hôtel Rambouillet after he had left off visiting there. He sent his secretary, Boisrobert, to request the Marquise, as an act of friendship, to let him know who spoke against him; to which the spirited reply was that, as all her friends knew her respect for his eminence, none of them would be guilty of the ill-breeding of speaking against him in her house. So we see that Napoleon I. had high precedent in his favour when he took alarm at Madame de Staël's sallies; and that the *espionnage* which has ruined social freedom, under the guise of saving society, under Napoleon III., is traditional.

Madame Mohl thinks that the maxims of La Rochefoucault were elaborated from the conversations at Madame de Sablé's. They were certainly based on the selfish and intriguing men and women of the Fronde. M. Cousin has satisfied himself that the *Pensées de Pascal* were suggested by these conversations. Madame Mohl also claims for these ladies the credit of having been the first to recognise the claims of men of letters to be received on a footing of equality with the great.

"It was this sympathy of women that so early

made literary men an important portion of society in France; but in what other country would women have had the power of conferring such importance? Among the anecdotes preserved of the Hôtel Rambouillet is one relating that the grand Condé, being angry at Voiture, one of its greatest favourites, said, 'If he was one of us, we should not put up with such behaviour.'"

Is this a proof of social equality? We draw the opposite inference from the anecdote; and remembering Voltaire's treatment at the hands of one of the privileged class, who had him caned, we are reluctantly led to conclude that men of letters or of purely personal distinction, not born in the purple, were not received on a footing of conventional equality till shortly before the Revolution of 1789.

Atolerably correct notion of the state of Parisian society when this crisis was in preparation, may be collected from *Julien, ou la Fin d'un Siècle*, by M. Bungener. "Serious topics were too anxiously discussed to admit of light, discursive, or literary talk. Some *salons*, however, endeavoured to preserve in some degree the traditions of their superannuated predecessors. Madame Geoffrin was dead, Madame du Defant retained but a small number of faithful adherents. It was at the Princess de Beauvan's, the Duchess de Grammont's, the Duchess d'Anville's, the Countess de Tessi's, the Countess de Ségur's, Madame de Beauharnais', Madame de Montesson's, that the French world assembled its wittiest and most cultivated representatives." Madame de Luxembourg, widow of the Marshal, must be added to the list. It was a select circle of her friends that Rousseau gratified with the first reading of the *Confessions*; and by a strange coincidence he began the very day after the death of Voltaire.

Having brought down the series of Parisian *salons* to about the point where Mesdames de Bassanville and Ancelot take them up, we look round to see whether the institution, as we venture to call it, has been imitated or acclimated out of France. Goethe at Weimar, and Tieck at Dresden, were the centres of very remarkable circles, which will fill a large space in the history of German society and thought. It would appear from Gentz's *Diaries* that female influence was rife at Vienna during the Congress. But the German *salon* that best satisfied the conditions which we assumed at starting, is that of the celebrated Rahel, the wife of Varn-

hagen von Ense, who has thus recorded his impression of her at their first meeting :

"She appeared, a light, graceful figure, small but well-formed; her foot and hand surprisingly small; the brow, with its rich braids of dark hair, announced intellectual superiority; the quick and yet firm dark glances caused a doubt whether they betrayed or took in most; a suffering expression lent a winning softness to the well-defined features. She moved about in her dark dress almost like a shadow, but with a free and sure step. What, however, overcame me most was her ringing, sweet, and soul-reaching voice, and the most wonderful mode of speaking that I had ever met."

This was in 1803. She was not married till 1814, when she was about forty-four, and he thirty. She was of a Jewish family, named Levin, and her position was due entirely to her own strength of character, to her intellectual superiority, and (above all) to her power of entering into the feelings of others, to her being emphatically *simpatica*. Several chapters in books and some separate publications have been devoted to her. Both before and after her marriage we find her surrounded by such men as Frederic Schlegel, Gentz, Prince Radzivill, Humboldt, Prince Püchler Muskau, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, and Gans. It was to her that Gentz addressed the curious letters describing the growth and restorative effects of his passion for Fanny Elssler. Madame de Staël's impression after a first interview was characteristically expressed to Baron Brinkman: "Elle est étonnante. Vous êtes bien heureux de posséder ici une telle génie. Vous me communiquerez ce qu'elle dira de moi."

Rahel died in 1833. M. de Sternberg, referring to a later period, says: "I have done with my Berlin *salons*. The real founder of the modern *salons* of Berlin is still living, but without a *salon*. It is Varnhagen von Ense, who, in conjunction with, or rather as the literary and diplomatic support of Rahel, founded every kind of intellectual sociability, and their example was followed by many others, both men and women. It may be said that German life caught from them the first notion of a *salon* in the sense in which it had long existed in France. North-German, and especially Berlin, life was adverse to the firm establishment and further development of this kind of intercourse."

The most influential and popular *salon* of which Italy could boast at any period was that

of the Countess of Albany at Florence. All travellers make honourable mention of it; and she has been truly described as the connecting link of half a century of celebrities.

A very remarkable circle, commemorated by Byron, Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) and Beyle, who were temporarily amongst its most distinguished members, collected at Milan round the Abate de Breme shortly after the peace of 1816; but their principal place of meeting was the opera. Writing in 1823, Lord Byron says:—"So many changes have taken place in the Milan circle that I hardly dare recur to it: some dead, some banished, and some in the Austrian dungeons." Lord Broughton speaks in the same tone in his *Italy*: "I passed through Milan in 1822. All my friends of the Liberal party had disappeared."

Writing from Venice, Byron says: "The Contessa Albrizzi is the De Staël of Venice, not young, but a very learned, unaffected, good-natured woman, very polite to strangers, and I believe not at all dissolute, as most of the women are." Lord Broughton states that, at his first visit to Venice, only two or three houses were open to respectable recommendations, and at his last visit, only one. Houses might be named in both Naples and Rome which have largely promoted the best sort of social intercourse, but the want of duration, regularity, and continuity, disintitles them to rank with those which are popularly accepted as *salons*. The same remark applies, with few exceptions, to the society which has occasionally clustered or crystallised in Geneva and its vicinity. We must except Sismondi, the historian, whose villa during many years formed the grand attraction of a locality with which so many recollections of genius are imperishably associated. We must also except Coppet, and hope, with Lord Broughton, that some one might be found "not to celebrate but describe the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her." At Geneva, as indeed in every continental capital, the political state at present (1866) is enough to account for the absence or decline of the *salon*.

M. de Lamartine, who has devoted two elo-

quent and interesting Numbers of his *Cours de Littérature* to Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand, concludes with this paragraph:—"To return to our literary *salons*—they are throughout the sign of an exuberant civilization: they are also the sign of the happy influence of women on the human mind. From Pericles and Socrates at Aspasia's, from Michael Angelo and Raphael at Vittoria Colonna's, from Ariosto and Tasso at Eleonora d'Este's, from Petrarch at Laura de Sade's, from Bossuet and Racine at the Hôtel Rambouillet, from Voltaire at Madame du Defant's or Madame du Chatelet's, from J. J. Rousseau at Madame d'Epinay's or Madame de Luxembourg's, from Vergniaud at Madame Roland's, from Chateaubriand at Madame Récamier's;—everywhere it is from the fireside (*coin du feu*) of a lettered, political, or enthusiastic woman that an age is lighted up or an eloquence bursts forth. Always a woman—as the nurse of genius, at the cradle of literature! When these *salons* are closed, I dread civil storms or literary decline. They are closed."

"The clubs in England and the *salons* in France," remarks Madame Mohl, "have long been places where, like the porticos of Athens, public affairs have been discussed and public men criticised." This is the key to the problem why clubs are flourishing in England, and why *salons* are dying out in France. We can discuss public affairs freely, and our neighbours cannot. A literary man of the highest distinction (M. Jules Simon), who (1866) had a weekly reception at his house, having been summoned to appear as a witness before the Tribunal of Police Correctionnelle, discovered from the tone and course of the examination that much of the conversation at his last soirée had been faithfully reported to the magistrate. A single occurrence of this kind creates an all-pervading feeling of distrust. Yet Madame de C.'s *salon*, the last of the *foyers éteints*, retained its reputation and attractiveness till her lamented death. Madame d'A. holds on gallantly. A well-known *rex-de-chaussée* (M. Thiers') in the Place St. Georges, is the nightly scene of about the best conversation in Paris; and a small apartment (Madame Mohl's) in the Rue du Bac is still redolent of the social and intellectual charm which made Madame de Staël prefer the gutter of that street to the blue rushing of the arrowy

Rhone or the calm waters which reflect the rocks of Meilleraye.

The expansion of Paris, and increased facilities of locomotion, are also thought to have accelerated the decline of the *salon*, which thrived best when the higher class of Parisians lived most of the year in close proximity, and were seldom long or far absent from the capital. When Madame Merlin left Paris, it was only for a villa at St. Germain's, where she had dinners and receptions every Sunday and Wednesday.

The state of things is still more unfavourable to constant intimacy in London; no longer the London of Brummel, bounded on the south by Pall Mall, on the north by Oxford Street, on the east by Regent Street, on the west by Park Lane. English country life, and the national fondness for travelling, form another serious drawback. The *élite* of our society are not settled in the metropolis till the spring is far advanced, and are off again soon after midsummer. The late dinner-hour and the importance we attach to this (in many men's estimate) most important event of the day, with the club to fall back upon, lead us to undervalue the privileged access to the drawing-room, which is pretty sure to be empty till that part of the evening which the French *salon* occupied has passed away. Nor are we aware that any qualified Englishwoman has ever submitted to the sacrifice required for a fair trial of the experiment, by a self-denying ordinance like that to which, as we have seen, the Princess de Vaudemont submitted for thirty years. But there is an accomplished lady of rank still living who (confined to her house by ill health) is at home every evening to a privileged circle, and presents in her own person an illustration of the brilliant and varied conversation which was the pride of the Parisian *salon* in the olden time.

The next nearest approximation was made by the Berrys, whose habits had been formed or modified abroad. "With the lives of the sisters," remarks their thoughtful and refined biographer, Lady Theresa Lewis, "closed a society which will be ever remembered by all who frequented these pleasant little gatherings in Curzon Street. Sometimes a note, sometimes a word, and more often the lamp being lighted over the door, was taken as notice to

attend, and on entering it might be to find only a few *habitués* or a larger and more brilliant assembly." But a notice of some sort, if not a formal invitation, was necessary to insure against disappointment; and this is the touchstone or turning-point.

A glance at the "Queens of Society" will suggest a proud array of distinguished Englishwomen who have done good service in blending, harmonising and elevating society: in associating genius, learning, and accomplishment with rank, wealth, and fashion: in facilitating, refining, and enhancing the pleasures of intellectual intimacy. But not one of them has set about her appointed task in the manner of a Frenchwoman: not one of them, in fact, has

successfully attempted the institution of the *salon*. A few, Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Palmerston, for example, may have done more, may have done better, but they have not done this. Nor could even they, with all their rare combination of attractions and advantages, have attained the proposed object without first revolutionising the ingrained habits of the nation. Yet, although the *salon* has little chance in England, and is at a temporary discount on the Continent, we do not despair of its future. It is too congenial to its native soil to be exterminated or die out. It faded with the free institutions of France: it will revive with her reviving liberties.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

From Secretary Robeson's report of the official investigation regarding the *Polaris* expedition, we gather that the scientific results of the expedition were not absolutely *nil*, as was at first imagined, though they certainly are not proportionate to the expenditure of time, money, and, last but not least, human life. It appears that full records of the astronomical, meteorological, magnetic and tidal departments have been preserved, and extensive collections of objects of natural history have been made. Specimens of drift-wood were picked up near the shores of Newman's Bay, in which walnut, ash and pine were recognised. The dip of the needle amounted to 45° , and its duration to 96° , being less than at Port Foulke and Rensselaer Harbour, as given by Drs. Kane and Hayes. Auroras were frequent, but not brilliant, consisting sometimes of one arch, sometimes of several. Streamers were of rare occurrence, but shooting stars were almost constantly visible. The average of the rise and fall of the tide was about five and a half feet, and the greatest depth of water noted was one hundred fathoms. The existence of a constant current southwards was noted, its rapidity varying with the season and locality. The winter temperature was found to be much

milder than was anticipated, the minimum being 58° below zero, though March proved to be the coldest month. The open polar sea of Kane and Hayes was found to be a sound of considerable extent, and, it is believed, communicates with Francis Joseph Sound, and thus defines the northern limit of Greenland.

An attempt was made in 1859, to start a Zoological Garden in Philadelphia, but in consequence of the war troubles it ultimately fell to the ground. A fresh company is now being formed to carry out the original intention, though on a larger scale. A suitable site has been secured in Fairmount Park, and capital is to be obtained in the following manner:—Certificates of stock are to be issued of not less than fifty dollars each. All receipts derived from the Gardens and collections of the Society are to be applied annually: Firstly, to the maintenance of the establishment; secondly, to the payment of six per cent on the stock; and thirdly, any balance remaining is to be applied to the extension of the collection of the Society, and the improvement of its grounds. It is stated that many influential citizens are supporting the project; and it is a scheme which might well be imitated by other cities, even

though smaller than Philadelphia. We see no reason, why such a scheme, if properly taken in hand, might not be readily carried out on a somewhat smaller scale in Toronto. It would give us an educational establishment of the highest value, and there is no reason why it should not prove commercially profitable.

In the plantations of the English Government in the Neilgherry hills in India, there are nearly three millions of cinchona trees, covering nearly

one thousand acres of land. The largest trees are thirty feet high, with circumference near the base of three feet. Last year more than seven thousand pounds of bark were sold in London, and about thirty-five thousand pounds were furnished to the Indian depôts; the total value of the bark produced being about sixteen hundred pounds. The capital expended by the Government in the introduction and cultivation of this invaluable tree in India will soon have been repaid with interest.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Quarterly* has come down with a heavy hand upon the new school of poetry. Of course the *Quarterly* belongs very decidedly to the old school. But we confess that we sympathize with some of its criticisms. Tennyson is treated with respect, but taken to task for mixing up in his "Idylls of the King" two totally different phases of society and thought. "Throughout the 'Idylls of the King' a double motive seems to have been operating in the mind of the poet, and the result is a violation of Horace's excellent rule, '*sit quidvis simplex duntaxat et unum*.' The part of these poems which impresses the imagination is the external form. In all his pictures of the knight, his armour, his horse, the romantic scenery through which he rides, and the Gothic halls in which he feasts, Mr. Tennyson displays, as usual, the genius of a great painter. But the inner life, the human interest, whatever in the "Idylls" appeals to our intellect and our feelings, comes, as we have said, from questions that are purely modern. We do not say that these questions cannot be treated in poetry; we only maintain that to associate them with the life of a rude age produces the same effect as to combine 'a human head, a horse's neck, a woman's body, and a fish's tail.'" Browning, as the type of the "Psychological" school, is more roughly handled. His aim is said to represent character apart from action; it is admitted that if any one could achieve this object, he could; but the aim itself is declared to be chimerical. This position is illustrated by reference to Mr. Browning's principal poems. His idiom and versification are also severely handled.

"With regard to his idiom and versification, all Mr. Browning's tendencies are towards—decomposition. War is declared with the definite article and the relative pronoun, and any preposition is liable to lose its final letter on the slightest provocation. We

should like to know Mr. Browning's authority for cutting off the final 'n' in 'on.' Shakespeare has, of course, familiarised us with such abbreviations as 'i'the' for 'in the,' and 'o'the' for 'of the' but the practice is not sufficiently euphonious to be frequently admitted in modern poetry, much less extended. As the most far-fetched metaphors are employed to illustrate the most common thoughts, so the most out-of-the-way words are in favour simply because they are strange, and the mere jingle of sound is sometimes the sole excuse for an entire line, as—

'Thus wrangled, brangled, jangled they a month.'

"Mr. Browning's metre is blank verse, but of a kind which is only distinguished from prose by its jerks and spasms. The sober iambic road of the normal metre is not sufficiently adventurous for one who loves to make poetical travel accessible only to the Livingstones of literature. At every third line we are tripped up on a point of emphasis, or are brought to a halt before a yawning chasm, which can only be cleared by a flying anapaest. In short, throughout a composition so bulky as 'The Ring and the Book,' we fear we should find it hard to select one paragraph which might serve as a model of good English, or, indeed, one which is free from the marks of violence and eccentricity."

The *Contemporary* has one of Mr. Herbert Spencer's series on "The Study of Sociology," which contains a remarkable passage on the dangers of the prevailing tendency to cast individual and parental duties on society.

"And now something more serious happens than the overlooking of these evils wrought on men's natures by centuries of demoralizing influences. We are deliberately establishing further such influences. Having, as much as we could, suspended the civilizing discipline of an industrial life so carried on as to achieve self-maintenance without injury to others, we now proceed to suspend that civilizing discipline in another direction. Having in successive generations done our best to diminish the sense of responsibility, by warding off evils which disregard of

responsibility brings, we now carry the policy further by relieving parents from certain other responsibilities which, in the order of nature, fall on them. By way of checking recklessness, and discouraging improvident marriages, and raising the conception of duty, we are diffusing the belief that it is not the concern of parents to fit their children for the business of life; but that the nation is bound to do this. Everywhere there is a tacit enunciation of the marvellous doctrine that citizens are not responsible individually for the bringing up, each of his own children, but that these same citizens incorporated into a society, are each of them responsible for the bringing up of everybody else's children! The obligation does not fall upon A, in his capacity of father, to rear the minds as well as the bodies of his offspring; but in his capacity of citizen there does fall on him the obligation of mentally rearing the offspring of B, C, D, and the rest; who similarly have their direct parental obligations made secondary to their indirect obligations to children not their own! Already it is estimated that, as matters are now being arranged, parents will soon pay in school-fees for their own children only one-sixth of the amount which is paid by them through taxes, rates and voluntary contributions, for children at large: in terms of money, the claims of children at large to their care will be taken as six times the claim of their own children! And if, looking back forty years, we observe the growth of the public claim *versus* the private claim, we may infer that the private claim will presently be absorbed wholly. Already the correlative theory is becoming so definite and positive that you meet with the notion, uttered as though it were an unquestionable truth, that criminals are 'society's failures.' Presently it will be seen that, since good bodily development, as well as good mental development, is a pre-requisite of good citizenship, (for without it the citizen cannot maintain himself, and so avoid wrongdoing,) society is responsible also for the proper feeding and clothing of children; indeed, in School-Board discussions there is already an occasional admission that no logically defensible halting-place can be found between the two. And so we are progressing towards the wonderful notion, here and there finding tacit expression, that people are to marry when they feel inclined, and other people are to take the consequences.

"And this is thought to be the policy conducive to improvement of behaviour. Men who have been made improvident by shielding them from many of the evil results of improvidence, are now to be made more provident by further shielding them from the evil results of improvidence. Having had their self-control decreased by social arrangements which lessened the need for self-control, other social arrangements are devised which will make self-control still less needful; and it is hoped so to make self-control greater. This expectation is absolutely at variance with the whole order of things. Life of every kind, human included, proceeds on an exactly opposite principle. All lower types of beings show us that the rearing of offspring affords the highest discipline for the faculties. The parental instinct is everywhere that which calls out the energies most persistently, and in the greatest degree exercises the intelligence. The self-sacrifice and the sagacity which inferior creatures display in the care of their young are often commented upon; and everyone may see that parenthood produces a mental exaltation not otherwise producible. That it is so among mankind is daily proved. Continually we remark that men who were random grow steady when they have children to provide for; and vain, thoughtless girls, becoming mothers, begin to show higher feelings, and capacities that were not before drawn out. In both there is a daily discipline in unselfishness, in industry, in foresight. The parental relation strengthens from hour to hour the habit of postponing immediate ease and egotistic pleasure to the altruistic pleasure obtained by furthering the welfare of offspring. There is a frequent subordination of the claims of self to the claims of fellow-beings; and by no other agency can the practice of this subordination be so effectually secured. Not, then, by a decreased, but by an increased, sense of parental responsibility, is self-control to be made greater and recklessness to be checked. And yet the policy now so earnestly and undoubtedly pursued is one which will inevitably diminish the sense of parental responsibility. This all-important discipline of parents' emotions is to be weakened that children may get reading and grammar and geography more generally than they would otherwise do. A superficial intellectualization is to be secured at the cost of a deep-seated demoralization."

BOOK REVIEWS.

SHAW'S TOURISTS' PICTURESQUE GUIDE TO GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By George Shaw. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. London: The Graphotyping Company, and Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Many Americans land in England, but the number of those who see anything of it is comparatively small. We do not know that at present it is very

desirable that it should be increased; for if the truth must be told, Americans rarely bring back kindly feelings from a visit to the old home of their race. This may be partly caused by the difference of customs, and especially by the difference in the hotels, which keeps up a daily friction: but it partly springs from another more familiar root. Those Americans, however, who do care to make a tour in England will

be grateful for a good guide book ; and we believe they will find it in the work before us. Shaw's Guide is eminently portable, in measurement resembling a large pocket-book—though it is a good deal thicker—and closing in the same manner. It contains the fullest practical directions, specially adapted to the case of Americans. It is furnished with an abundance of good maps. Its style is condensed, and it gives within the smallest compass all the information, we believe, both topographical and historical, that the general tourist can require about the objects of interest, of every kind, with the best routes to be followed in visiting them. We doubt whether a more useful work of the kind has ever been produced.

We will venture to add two practical remarks of our own. The first is that the charm of England lies not so much in special objects as in the general beauty and richness of the country, which are very poorly seen from the railroads ; an occasional carriage drive, if the tourist has time, is therefore desirable. The second remark is that the loveliest of lands will lose its loveliness unless you can look at it with tolerably kindly eyes.

THE NEW MAGDALEN. By Wilkie Collins. Toronto : Hunter, Rose & Co. 1873.

The author of "The New Magdalen" is a man of undoubted genius of a very original and peculiar kind. This novel is popular, and the drama into which he has himself transformed it is so popular that it is said to have been one of the greatest successes of the late London theatrical season. We look upon this popularity as very deplorable. No doubt the writer's own foremost object has been to enlist all the sympathies of the reader and spectator for an unfortunate woman whom a series of calamities had dragged down, during a period antecedent to the story, to the lowest depths of degradation into which a woman can fall. This is done effectively, and we give him full credit for it. Hard and black indeed must be the heart which cannot feel keenly for such misfortunes so told. But let us examine the means by which the purpose is carried out. The author creates two women—a true woman and a false. The false woman is a traitress, a liar and an impostor. She is a thief also or not, accordingly as may be determined whether appropriating the credentials, the clothes, and the personality, for the sake of imposture, of one supposed to be dead, is or is not stealing. The true woman commits no moral wrong whatever, and yet the author labours to enlist, and we fear succeeds in enlisting, the sympathies of the public on the side of the false woman. Now, if thi

be so, it is surely most deplorable. Let us not shrink from calling a spade a spade. Traitress, liar and impostor are very hard words indeed. If we use them without ample warrant, they are utterly unpardonable.

The false woman is Mercy Merrick. She has risen from her degradation so far as to have attained a position of which any woman might be proud. She has, in fact, cast the slough, and a safe career in the capacity which she has assumed lies before her. The author represents this differently ; we leave the point to the judgment of the reader. She has qualified for a hospital nurse, and has been appointed to a military ambulance in the field, under the sacred protection of the Red Cross of the Geneva Convention, which is embroidered on her shoulder. With sick and wounded under her immediate care, one of whom has just been in danger of bleeding to death, she deserts her post in order that she may carry out her imposture, and abandons them to their fate. If this be not treason to her duty, and treason of a very shocking kind, we are at a loss to know what to call it. She proceeds to declare herself to be the woman supposed to have been killed ; that is lying, assuredly. She assumes a personality that is not her own, and thereby profits by the generous confidence of a lady who becomes her kind benefactress. She throws an impenetrable veil over her antecedents and individuality, and so gains the love of a man—and engages herself to marry him—who would shrink from her if he knew the truth. If that is not being an impostor, then the term had better be blotted out of the English language. Mercy Merrick, then, was a traitress, a liar, and an impostor, and a thief or not, as the reader shall please. We shall come presently to what the author considers sufficient justification for her transformation by his magic wand into "one of the noblest of God's creatures." We have no desire to prejudge that ; we shall endeavour to place fairly before the reader every extenuating circumstance, and leave the legitimate conclusions to follow. Of these extenuating circumstances, the first in order is that Mercy, stung with remorse, and aghast at the idea of consummating her fraud, hangs back from fixing the day on which the marriage shall take place. She does, however, reluctantly consent that it shall take place in a fortnight, but she does not give that consent in good faith, intending to escape by some unknown means from its fulfilment, even at the last hour.

At this crisis the true woman, Grace Roseberry, whom Mercy believes to have seen killed, and whose personality and property she had thereupon assumed, reappears on the scene, after some months, like one risen from the dead. She has suffered a horrible wound, and has endured a lingering recovery. She

has been robbed of the means of proving her identity, and drags herself to her destination in poverty and sickness of aspect, with her beauty impaired, and with poor shabby clothes, which the author does not fail to contrast with the handsome dress of the woman who has usurped the place which of right belongs to Grace. She finds her position and prospects, and her very name and personality assumed by an impostor, and she is herself treated as a liar and impostor, with the alternative excuse of being a lunatic. And, indeed, it must be admitted that it is maddening enough for the true woman to look upon the false woman under such circumstances as these. She has herself done no wrong whatever. Only she has suffered, and suffers. We should have been sorry to imagine any one whose indignation would not rise against the false woman in favour of the true—whose deep commiseration would not be instantly called forth for her. We could scarcely picture to ourselves a situation more intensely trying, a provocation more bitterly exasperating. Yet we must fain declare that the writer, and the characters—with one exception—whom he has created, treat her with a heartless cruelty. Not a single drop of pity for her oozes from the merciless pen of the author. He cannot spare one drop from his New Magdalen. From all this let us propound a new theory: it must be better to be sinful and unfortunate than unfortunate and sinless; it must be better to sin and confess than not to sin at all; and she who passes her life in alternately sinning and confessing, must accumulate, if she live long, a vast amount of virtue.

Under this gross provocation Grace does, indeed, exhibit some acerbity and vindictiveness of character, and subsequently, being impoverished, her fingers itch for a larger gift of money than might have satisfied her. But that is the sum of her sins. We are not told that she has ever treacherously and cruelly abandoned her duty; has ever stolen or lied, or been guilty of any act of imposture, or of any other wrong whatever, or is so now. The author does his best, indeed, to make her appear hateful, and it would go hard with such a writer if he did not succeed; but that is only as a foil to the other woman, and is altogether gratuitous and beside the mark.

Meanwhile what does Mercy do? Does she instantly, upon the fact of Grace being still a living woman being disclosed—they are brought face to face—restore to her what she has purloined from her—instantly, without a thought of hesitation? She does not. She is torn by conflicting feelings, it is true, but at one time she goes so far as to defy Grace to the proof. Ultimately, however, softened by the influence of Julian Gray—the exceptional character to whom we have already alluded—she determines to confess, and does confess all.

And now comes in the consideration of the character of Lady Janet Roy, the protectress and benefactress of Mercy (in the guise of Grace), whose claims upon Lady Janet in her assumed personality have been generously acknowledged, and who has become a great favourite with her ladyship. To our thinking a gentlewoman, such as Lady Janet Roy is intended to represent, must have revolted with a lively sense of disgust and shame from such an imposition as had been practised upon her. She cannot be blind to the full force of the imposture, though she wilfully shuts her eyes to it, as she herself acknowledges the true woman. But how does it affect her? She refuses to hear the truth from Mercy herself, and lays her commands on her not to divulge it at all; she does not cast her off—it is the true woman that she casts off—but continues to extend her full favour to her. Whether Lady Janet desires that the marriage shall still go forward under the false pretences in which the engagement has been contracted does not distinctly appear, but, from what she says afterwards, there can be little doubt that she does. But when, in spite of her commands to the contrary, Mercy persists in her determination to confess all, and does confess all, to her intended bridegroom and to Julian Gray; when at last she does right; when at last she makes what tardy and incomplete amends she can for the evil she has done—when for that act Julian Gray declares that she is “one of the noblest of God’s creatures,”—then Lady Janet casts her off. The offence to Lady Janet is in the telling of the truth—the fault in the truth being disclosed.

The author seems to desire to impress his readers with the conviction that Mercy’s intended husband should still have married her after she had divulged the truth. He draws a comparison between “Great Heart” and “Little Heart,” the former being Julian Gray, who desires to marry her, and the latter her intended, Horace Holmcroft, who does not.

Let us be by no means misunderstood. Mercy’s fall had been brought about by circumstances for which she herself may be held blameless, and she had done what she could, under the utmost discouragement, to reinstate herself in a reputable path of life, in which she had, as we have shown, succeeded. We concede all that, though we must honestly confess that we wish it had rested on a better authority than her own. We would not desire a worse witness than a woman whose life for months past had been an acted, if not spoken, lie. But let us not be unjust. It is intended that we should implicitly believe all she says, and we do believe it. If we take on her own authority—and we have no other for it—what tells against her, we must certainly take also what tells for her.

To ourselves, though we may be squeamish per-

haps, there seems to be an indelicacy about the confession, made as it was verbally to the two young men. Artistically, too, it is a great defect. Our sympathies should be gained by what transpires in the story itself, and not by what we are told has gone before. Far be it from us to question that faults like those of Mercy Merrick might be atoned for by a long and thorough probation; but that she should step at once from the position of an impostor into that of "one of the noblest of God's creatures," simply by a confession of her guilt, is one of the most startling propositions we have met with in the course of our reading. In the name of all that is right and true, we loudly protest against the forced contrast drawn between the true woman and the false, wholly to the disadvantage of the true woman. While we can appreciate great and fine qualities in Julian Gray, we nevertheless protest against "Great Heart" and "Little Heart;" we protest against a man being represented as mean and contemptible because he declined to marry Mercy Merrick. We protest against the conduct of Lady Janet Roy, albeit she undergoes so violent a revulsion of feeling that she goes the very next day to the Refuge for Fallen Women, of which Mercy has again become an inmate, to ask her pardon "on her knees, if Mercy would have let her," and on a subsequent occasion "to plead her nephew's cause" (Julian Gray's), "as a humble suitor for the hand of Mercy." "Imagine," writes Horace Holmcroft, "the descendant of one of the noblest families in England inviting an adventuress in a Refuge to honour a clergyman of the Church of England by becoming his wife!" We certainly think there are not a few of both men and women, and of women the greater number, who will echo that note of exclamation, the author of "The New Magdalen" notwithstanding. Mercy, it appears, refuses *then* to marry Julian Gray, whereupon Lady Janet declares "that the earth holds no nobler woman than Mercy Merrick." "It may not be your own fault, Horace," her ladyship adds, "if your nature is incapable of comprehending what is great and generous in other natures higher than yours.

But the least you can do is to distrust your own capacity of appreciation. For the future, keep your opinions (on questions which you don't understand) modestly to yourself. I have a tenderness for you for your father's sake, and I take the most favourable view of your conduct towards Mercy Merrick. I humanely consider it the conduct of a fool."

We duck down as Lady Janet Roy hurls that terrible missile, feeling guiltily conscious that it is aimed at our own head.

We enter fully into every compassionate word that the author of "The New Magdalen" utters. There is no suggestion of his for the salvation of such hapless creatures, and their restoration to a place among reputable women, to which we would not cordially give the utmost of our feeble aid. We share all his indignation and all his pity. But let the probation be ample and real. Let our authors choose their examples better. The Old Magdalen, so far as we know, was no cheat nor liar; the New Magdalen need not of necessity, we hope, be so either. Let us not stigmatize a man as "Little Heart" because he does not desire the "honour" of marrying a woman who has subsisted for a period of at least some duration as a prostitute, and who has since been a traitress, a liar and an impostor—not to say thief—even although she has confessed it all, and has had fully forty-eight hours in which to prove her repentance.

Let us express a most earnest hope that the author of "The New Magdalen" will consecrate all future pictures painted by his popular and powerful pencil, and enriched with the warm tone of his charitable impulses and his sincere and earnest philanthropy, to a more "noble" moral. For the rest, the style of "The New Magdalen" is so little open to exception that we can only refer to the very trifling peculiarity of the use of the word "never," when all that is required is a simple negative. The machinery by which the story is set in motion contains several improbabilities which it would be easy to point out, and to which an author of such remarkable ingenuity in devising his plots need not have had recourse.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

A number of eminent British divines, invited to take part in the approaching meeting at New York of the Evangelical Alliance, are travelling on this side and making themselves familiar with the face of things in this Western world.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has arrived in New York, and

we are glad to note that he has been secured by the Toronto Mechanics' Institute to deliver a lecture before his return to England.

Mr. Edward Jenkins, author of "Ginx's Baby," &c., and a Canadian by education, is on a visit to his father in Montreal.

Mr. Goldwin Smith goes shortly to England for the winter, but will return early in the spring and resume his literary occupations here.

Several prominent English publishers have been paying a visit to this side of the Atlantic this summer, and have given the book trade an opportunity of making a personal acquaintance with those whose names are "familiar as household words" to the fraternity. Of these we may mention Mr. Dyer, of Messrs. Longmans'; Mr. George Routledge; Mr. Duret, of Messrs. Warne & Co.; Mr. Hodder, of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton; Mr. Galpin, of Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin; Mr. Nimmo, of Edinburgh; and two members of the stationery trade—Mr. Goodall, the well-known playing-card maker; and Mr. Ward, of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co.

Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons have just issued an interesting work on "French Home Life," by "an English looker-on, who has lived for a quarter of a century in France, amidst ties and affections which have made that country his second home." The book treats of servants, children, furniture, food, manners, language, dress, marriage, &c., and displays an acuteness of observation and an analysis of character which render the volume a most entertaining and instructive guide to the social life of France.

A volume of essays on literary topics of considerable interest is announced from the pen of Robert Buchanan, entitled "Master Spirits."

The Rev. Stopford Brooke is preparing for the press his lectures, entitled "Theology in the English Poets," which have attracted much attention.

Messrs. Strahan & Co. will shortly publish the following:—"A Memoir of the late Thomas Guthrie, D.D.," by his sons; "A Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D.," by Sir Arthur Helps on "Russian Conspiracies and the Foundation of Siberia;" "The Great Ice Age and the Antiquity of Man," by a brother of Prof. Geikie, of the Geological Survey of Scotland; "The Huguenots in France," by Samuel Smiles; and Mr. W. F. Rae's work on "Wilkes, Fox, and the leaders of the Liberal party of the time of Geo. III."

Following up the squib on the Prince of Wales, issued last year in the shape of a travesty on Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*, entitled "The Coming K—," the publishers of Beeton's Christmas Annual announce an adaptation of Homer's *Iliad* for the new issue. It is to be called "The Siliad, or The Siege of the Seats," and the more remarkable men, women, and events of modern days, we are told, will be the subjects of the new epic.

Messrs. Cassell have issued "A First Sketch of English Literature," by Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature at University College, London. It is a compendious volume, notwithstanding its elementary title.

The success of the International Scientific Series issued by Messrs. H. S. King & Co., of London, and Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, we are told, is very great. The volumes already issued have been very favourably received. Embodying

the results of the latest investigations in their respective subjects, and being written by the foremost men of the day, they could not fail of this. The forthcoming volumes will embrace the following subjects: "Mind and Body; the Theories of their Relations," by Alexander Bain, LL.D.; "The Study of Sociology," by Herbert Spencer; "Animal Mechanics; or, Walking, Swimming, and Flying," by Dr. J. B. Pettigrew; "Principles of Mental Physiology," by Dr. W. B. Carpenter; "On the Conservation of Energy," by Professor Balfour Stewart; and "The Animal Machine: or, Aerial and Terrestrial Locomotion," by W. C. J. Marey. The works already embraced in this series are Professor Tyndall on "The Forms of Water in Rain and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers;" "Physics and Politics," by Walter Bagehot; and "On Food," by Dr. Edward Smith.

Messrs. Macmillan's announcements for the coming season embrace the following:—"Cobden and Political Opinion," by Professor J. E. Thorold Rogers, the Political Economist; a volume of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, by Dr. E. A. Freeman, on "Comparative Politics;" "The Friendship of Books," a series of posthumous lectures of the late Rev. F. D. Maurice, edited by Thomas Hughes, M.P.; a collection of miscellaneous papers entitled "Prose Idylls," by the Rev. Canon Kingsley; a volume of Cambridge lectures, by Rev. Professor Birks, on the "Principles of Moral Science;" a new issue of "Nature Series," by Sir John Lubbock, on "The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects;" and Mr. Norman Lockyer's collected "Contributions to Solar Physics."

Messrs. Longman are proceeding with the publication of their excellent series of text-books on Mechanical and Physical Science. The new issue is a volume on "Workshop Appliances," including the descriptions of hand cutting tools, lathes, drilling, planing, and other machines used by engineers. Messrs. Longmans have in preparation a series of books treating of the history of England and Europe at successive epochs subsequent to the Christian era, under the general editorship of Mr. Edward E. Morris. We are at liberty to announce the subjects of a few of the volumes—viz., the Beginning of the Middle Ages; the Norman Kings and the Feudal System; the Crusades; the Early Plantagenets and their relation to the History of Europe; the Houses of Lancaster and York, with the Conquest and Loss of France; the Era of the Protestant Revolution; the Age of Elizabeth; the Thirty Years' War; the Stuarts and the Puritan Revolution; the Age of Anne; Frederick the Great and the Seven Years' War; the War of American Independence.

Messrs. H. S. King & Co. announce a translation, from the French of Professor Th. Ribot, of a work on "Contemporary English Psychology," being an analysis of the views and opinions of the following metaphysicians, as expressed in their writings: John Stuart Mill, Alex. Bain, Herbert Spencer, Geo. H. Lewes, James Mill, &c.